

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 2924.—VOL. CVI.

SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1895.

THIRTY-SIX | SIXPENCE.
PAGES | By Post, 6½d.



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE EMPRESS FREDERICK AT FRIEDRICHSHOF: HER MAJESTY PLANTING A TREE IN THE CASTLE GROUNDS.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

There is a great deal of talk of the enormous sums realised by novelists in these days, and their incomes—if we are to judge by the accounts of their interviewers—are certainly what the French gentleman described in what he supposed to be our native tongue, “*Superbe, magnifique, pretty well!*” But after all, does the very popular author get more than he used to do? We are told that for “*Hunted Down*” Dickens was paid—considering the length of the tale, not half that of one monthly number of “*David Copperfield*”—one thousand pounds, “*a price*,” observes his biographer, “*I suppose unequalled in the history of Literature.*” He afterwards received the same sum for two other stories of the same length—“*A Holiday Romance*” and “*George Silverman’s Explanation*”—neither of which can be said to be good examples of his works. It is now no secret that George Eliot received seven thousand pounds for “*Romola*,” and Wilkie Collins five thousand for “*Armada*.” But even these prices are nothing compared with the eight thousand pounds realised for “*Woodstock*” by Walter Scott. “*Pretty well*,” he remarks (like the Frenchman), “*for three months’ work.*” He might well have used the exclamation of his own Dominie Sampson—“*Prodigious!*” If the work is to be calculated by time as well as the piece, I suppose this beats the financial record. It is to be observed, too, that at the time these prices were paid there were no returns worth mentioning from America.

This would have pleased, and also greatly surprised, Addison, in whose time no literary copyright existed. “*All mechanical artisans*,” he indignantly writes, “*are allowed to reap the fruit of their inventions and ingenuity without invasion. But he that has studied mankind and has an ambition to communicate the effect of half his life spent in such noble inquiries, has no property in what he is willing to produce, but is exposed to robbery and want.*” Later than Addison’s time, the author of the poem “*The Deity*” is described to us as “*sitting up in bed with his arms through holes in the blanket, writing verses in order to procure the means of existence.*” Johnson used to collect subscriptions—of a shilling apiece—from his friends to get the poor poet’s garments out of pawn. Cave, the publisher, paid him by the hundred lines—probably not many pence—and even wanted to make what is called the “*long hundred*” at that. The poet writes to him from an obscure coffee-house: “*I have not money to pay for my bed two nights past, which is usually paid beforehand. . . . I have tasted nothing since Tuesday evening, when I came here, and my coat will be taken off my back for the charge of my bed, so that I must go into prison naked. I entreat you, therefore, to send me half-a-guinea for support, till I finish your papers in my hands.*” His receipt for the money is extant: “*July 21, 1742. Received from Mr. Cave, the sum of half-a-guinea, by me in confinement.—S. BOYSE.*” Payment by the word is a modern invention, but payment by the line was common enough. Dryden received for his translations from Ovid about eightpence a line.

However little money one may get from the public or a publisher, it is better than having to deal with a patron, as of old. We have nothing nowadays approaching it nearer than the publication of one’s book by subscription. In this case there are fifty patrons instead of one; and each of them who has subscribed his five shillings or so is apt to remark, if we are successful, “*It was I who first gave that fellow a helping hand.*” Still, they have not the insolence of the Mæcenases of early times. When Ariosto presented his “*Orlando Furioso*” to Cardinal d’Este, he could hardly have been gratified by his Excellency’s remark, “*Where the devil have you found all this stuff?*” The author of “*The Seasons*,” being disappointed by the behaviour of his literary godfather, spent a good deal of his valuable time in writing a solemn recantation of his error. Everyone knows the scathing words in which Johnson acknowledges the tardy patronage of Lord Chesterfield. Mickle, the translator of Camoëns’ “*Lusiad*,” took five years to accomplish it, and dedicated it to the Duke of Buccleuch, who, he had the mortification to discover, never cut the pages. This should always be done when a book is presented to you by the author, lest he should call in person. In the meantime you should write to say with what pleasure “*you are looking forward to read his interesting volume.*” Rouserade, the actor, wrote this grateful epitaph on his patron, Cardinal Richelieu—

Here lies, egad, it’s very true,
The illustrious Cardinal Richelieu;
My grief is genuine—void of whim;
Alas! my pension lies with him.

Those who a few years ago were called “*smart people*” have, as a class, almost disappeared: they are supposed to have been a little ashamed of the appellation, and to have hidden themselves again in the fashionable crowd from which they originally emerged; but it is they, it is understood, who still issue its edicts. Those who are really among the Upper Ten do not trouble themselves about reforms of any kind, and these folks are very willing to be their deputies. It was they who decreed that man should wear his handkerchief in his inside breast-

pocket, and one stud in his shirt-front instead of three; this was a long time ago, and we are only too apt to forget to whom we owe the benefits which have become commonplaces. Instead of a cigarette they put a toothpick into the mouth of each golden youth, and gave him a crutch for ornamental support, like a caryatid. They gave to woman high-heeled shoes, so that she walked with the ease and grace of a daughter of the Flowery Land, and pillowed sleeves which trebled the size of her arms. And now it is said they have taken in hand a much more important innovation—they are going to put a stop to excessive mourning. They are aware that certain symbols of respect are due to the memory of “*recent departures*,” especially if they were near relatives, such as one’s father and mother; but there should be a medium in all things, though from the circumstances of the case it can hardly be called a happy one. They think we make ourselves too miserable about these misfortunes (which, after all, are common to the human race), and, what is far worse, make other people miserable by our lugubrious appearance. A circle of crape round the arm, with a fanciful rosette or “*favour*” for lady mourners, would indicate to our acquaintances what has happened, and prevent them from inquiring lightly after these deceased persons just as well as the most funereal garb. What a terrible spectacle is that mountain of mourning—a fat widow in the dog days, and how little suggestive of the poet’s “*one pure image of regret*”; indeed, it is more like half-a-dozen! Moreover, our periods of mourning are much too long. The idea of a man’s not being allowed to marry for a twelvemonth and a day after the death of his wife is a superstition worthy of the Chinese; if of mature age, he has no time to lose, and a year becomes of consequence. That the happiness of young people should be postponed on account of the deaths of old ones is lamentable, and would probably be regretted by no one more than the (late) parties concerned, since no one, it is probable—at least, after death—wants his leaving the world to be the cause of diminishing human happiness.

These views, which are gathered from a statement from a society journal, seem to be worthy of some attention, for though probably the offspring of selfish frivolity, they have a good deal of common-sense in them. We English have certainly too great a liking for the inky cloak and “*the trappings and the suits of woe.*” And, after all, how little they symbolise! We wear deep mourning as a matter of course for a near relative, for whom, perhaps, we did not care a threepenny-piece, while for a friend who has stuck closer to us than a brother we put on not so much as a hatband. Perhaps our arbiters of fashion are not acquainted with the fact that in some countries a single garment of sombre hue is thought sufficient to typify grief. There is an anecdote on record of a young gentleman in the Western States of America who asked a friend to lend him a black waistcoat. “*I have lost an aunt*,” was his explanation, “*and I want to take a short mourn.*”

In the current *Harper* Mr. Howells has given an interesting account of his experience as a dreamer. It is very varied, and ranges from almost heavenly visions down to nightmares; but he does not appear to dream of his own creations as a novelist. This is the usual testimony of the profession, and, considering how entirely the mind of the storyteller is engrossed with the creations of his imagination, it is very curious, and seems to dispose of the popular view that we dream at night of what we have been doing or thinking during the day. This cannot be caused by the want of skill in drawing our characters, since the readers of fiction tell the same story: however interested they may be in the works of the greatest masters, their characters do not reappear to them in sleep. No one dreams of Jeanie Deans, nor Becky Sharp, nor Miss Miggs. This would seem to prove that a certain solidity was required for the foundation of dreams. It is pretty certain that the ruling passion—whatever that may be—suggests the subject. The ambitious man finds his aspirations realised, or the reverse; the soldier dreams of battle; the lover of riches of their acquisition or their loss, just as the dog “*hunts in dreams.*” Lord Lytton the elder used to be fond of narrating a dream he had about becoming rich beyond the dreams of avarice. “*It was delightful*,” he said (which was frank as well as funny, for he was known to be fond of money), “*and I was exceedingly praised and sought after. ‘How very rich,’ everybody said, ‘he is!’ Then suddenly a voice broke out, ‘But how did he get his money?’ That was terrible! I did not know how I had got it, but I felt that it was in some disgraceful way.*”

Considering what a number of dreams are dreamt it is surprising how little practical advantage has come from them. Dr. Chladni’s invention of the euphon is one of the exceptions. He had for years been engaged in the formation of this instrument, by which he hoped by rubbing glass tubes in a straight line with a wet finger to produce sounds, as was done in the harmonica by rubbing them circularly. He had failed in this over and over again, but “*on the second of June 1789, being tired with walking, he sat down in a chair, about nine in the evening,*

to enjoy a short slumber; but scarcely had he closed his eyes when the image of an instrument such as he wished for seemed to present itself before him, and terrified him so much that he awoke as if he had been struck by an electric shock. He immediately started up in a kind of enthusiasm, and made a series of experiments which convinced him that what he had seen was perfectly right, and that he had it now in his power to carry it into execution.” His euphon afterwards entirely superseded the heretofore favourite harmonica.

The ship *Mary*, bound to the West Indies, was wrecked on the Casquet rocks near Guernsey in 1695. Thirteen only of the crew were saved, and the place afforded them neither food nor shelter of any kind. On the ninth day they agreed to cast lots that two of the company should die to preserve the rest. “*They were stabbed so that tobacco-pipes could be inserted in the incisions, so that each of the survivors could suck so many gulps of blood to quench his thirst.*” On the eleventh day they were rescued by one Taskard, master of a vessel bound from Guernsey to Southampton. The strangest circumstance connected with this incident was that the Casquets were out of his course, but he was much importuned by his son to pass that way, who had twice dreamt that there were men in distress upon those rocks.

The proposed reform of putting prisoners upon their oath and letting them speak for themselves recommends itself in many ways to common-sense, but has, nevertheless, some serious disadvantages. A good deal of latitude must be allowed to the members of a class wholly unaccustomed to public speaking, and whose ordinary language is more familiar than polite. It would be a disadvantage to them if their statements were interfered with, and they were not allowed to put their case in their own way. A reporter on the Midland Circuit has preserved for us a choice example of oratory of this kind. The case was that of a man charged with attempt to murder, before Lord Wensleydale (one of the gravest of judges), who had permitted him, after the prosecution closed, to address the jury: “*My Lord and gentlemen of the jury, you see as how I’m what is called a peaceable man, and was taking my drink quietly, as a man should do, when up comes this here prosecutor, and says he, ‘I’ll have a sup of your beer.’ ‘No,’ says I, ‘you shan’t!’ ‘I will!’ says he. ‘Then,’ says I, ‘if you touch this ’ere mug of beer, I’ll smash it on your blessed head!’ This here man did take hold of my beer, and he got a knock on the head, but it were his own fault, as, gentlemen, why should he ha’ provoked a man quietly a-drinkin’ his beer? Now, my Lord” (turning to the judge), “*I’m sure you likes a drop of good beer, don’t yer, my Lord? Well, then, my Lord, if your Lordship had a pot o’ beer afore you at this moment, and that ’ere chap as is a-sitting by the side of yer”* (turning to the High Sheriff) “*should say, says he, ‘I’ll take a sup o’ your beer,’ and you said to him, says you, ‘If you do touch this here beer, I’ll punch your blessed ribs!’ in course you would, my Lord.”* (Roars of laughter.) “*Now, my Lord, I’ve been called a quarrelsome man; that’s a downright falsity, for look here, it ain’t likely I can be a quarrelsome man when I’ve been bound over twenty-three times to keep the blessed peace!*”*

Some people say that the weather—that is, the changes of it—was invented for the purposes of conversation. There is much to be said for this theory; for but for this topic a good many of our acquaintances would be almost speechless. It is certain that since the recent severe frost, which occupied here about the same position as earthquakes do in less favoured countries, there has been much less interchange of—well, remarks—among our fellow-citizens. With the inhabitants of Kamschatka, during their long monotonous days and nights, conversation languishes. A casual allusion to mock suns and the aurora borealis exhausts their repertoire. Still, the notion that weather should have been created, like a professional beauty, solely to be talked about may be dismissed as fanciful. Our meteorological system was really invented for the consolation of the chronic invalid, the working of it, or rather its application, being placed in the hands of the faculty. “*We are not feeling quite so well this morning, eh?*” murmurs the doctor, who, like royal personages, uses the first person plural, not, as in their case, from egotism, but from an affectation of sympathy: the “*we*” is an amalgam of the patient and himself. “*Not nearly so well*,” groans the invalid. “*How can you expect to be otherwise?*” says the physician, with a smile of compassion: “*think of this east wind.*” “*Shall I be really better when it stops, doctor?*” “*Well, of course.*” “*Yet I felt very bad yesterday when the wind was not in the east.*” “*It was in the north, which is worse, my dear Sir.*” “*But the day before that there was no wind.*” “*No, but there was damp in the air, and that is worse than all.*” It is difficult to find weather to do us any good, but the doctor sticks to it that it exists. In the spring it is to be “*when the warm weather comes on*,” and in the autumn with “*the first dry frost.*” At last there really does come a day which not only benefits but cures us, when the doctor “*takes his work home*,” and the undertaker observes of it that the gentleman has “*a fine day for his funeral.*”

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE QUEEN'S HOLIDAY ABROAD.

Having enjoyed a pleasant holiday at Cimiez, the Queen, with her daughter Princess Beatrice, and her granddaughter Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, on Wednesday, April 24, at two in the afternoon, arrived at Darmstadt from Nice. They were welcomed by the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Hesse, with Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, and were conducted to the Old Palace. The Emperor William, who had that day met her Majesty at the Karlsruhe railway station when her special train passed through, arrived at Darmstadt on Saturday, April 27; the Empress Frederick came, with her youngest daughter, Princess Frederick Charles of Hesse, on Thursday; and on Friday the Queen and Princess Beatrice went to Kronberg to visit the Castle of Friedrichshof, the residence of the Empress Frederick.

The Schloss of Friedrichshof is situated at the foot of the mountain Alt König, fifteen miles distant from the town of Kronberg, which is about three-quarters of an

went to the Mausoleum at Rosenhöhe, to lay wreaths upon the tomb of the late Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Hesse. The Queen left Darmstadt on Monday, April 29, at ten o'clock in the evening on her return to England, travelling by the route of Flushing, at which port she next morning embarked on board the royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, crossed the North Sea to Sheerness, and landing on Wednesday morning, May 1, proceeded to Windsor.

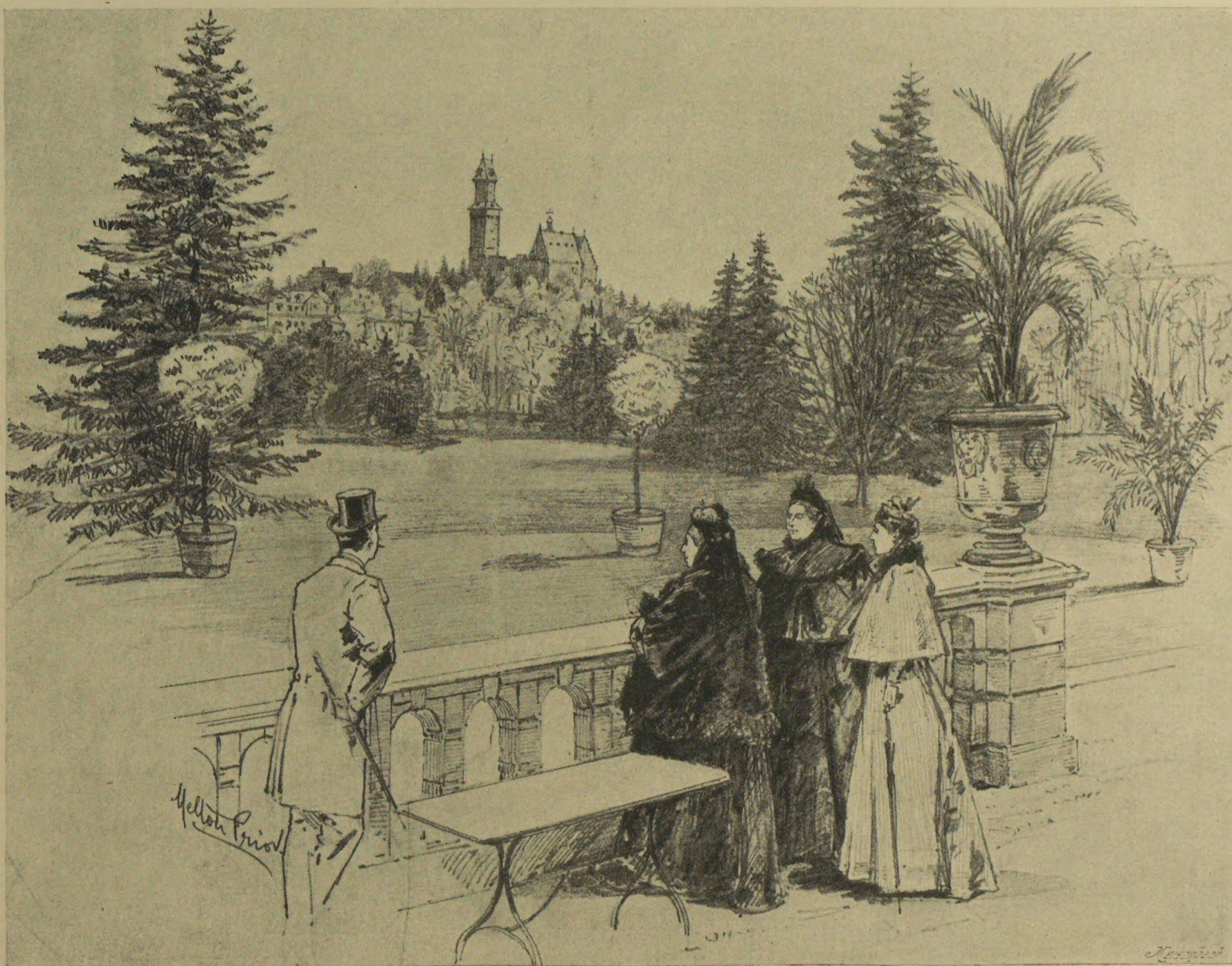
THE BATTLE OF FLOWERS AT EASTBOURNE.

The carnival at Eastbourne is over, and the excitement which has been simmering in this delightful southern resort is now only a memory. Save that sudden showers occasionally reminded visitors of the month, the battle of flowers was an undeniable success. Abundant subjects for an artist's pencil were provided in the varied programme of the week, which did much to popularise the scenes so familiar to our Continental friends. The particular occasion depicted in our pages is the passing of carriages before the Mayor of Eastbourne's grand stand, after the presentation of prizes. The battle of flowers took

dignity. All around him he saw features which have grown strangely familiar to him. For all sections of political life, and representatives of all departments of the Palace of Westminster, were there to wish Mr. and Mrs. Maguire happiness, and to pay a compliment to the bride's father by their presence. The bride was attended by seven bridesmaids—the Misses Agnes and Ella Peel (sisters of the bride), Miss Peel, Miss Mabel Wombwell, and Miss J. Dugdale (cousins), the Hon. Gweneth Ponsonby, daughter of Viscount Duncannon, and Miss Evelyn Cavendish-Bentinck. The officiating clergy were the Bishop of Derry and Raphoe, the Dean of Canterbury, the Rev. J. H. J. Ellison, Vicar of Windsor, and the Rev. J. Richardson, Vicar of Sandy. The bridegroom was accompanied by the Hon. Schomberg McDonnell as best man.

THE TROUBLE IN NICARAGUA.

The dispute between Great Britain and the feeble Spanish Central American Republic of Nicaragua, arising from the unlawful arrest of the British Consul and some other fellow-subjects of ours at Blewfields, on the Mosquito



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE EMPRESS FREDERICK AT FRIEDRICHSHOF: HER MAJESTY ON THE CASTLE TERRACE.

hour's journey from Frankfort-on-Main. The estate contains abundance of fine trees, including cedars, chestnuts several hundred years of age, Wellingtonias, and a great variety of very rare conifers. The Empress added to it by buying the surrounding lands, the whole now comprising over 250 acres, of which 150 acres have been laid out as a park, orchards, and the most charming flower-gardens. The castle stands on an eminence, with forests and mountains at the back, and from the terrace a beautiful view is obtained, a vast extent of country being visible in clear weather. The house was designed by the Court architect, Herr Ernst Ihne, under the personal supervision of the Empress. The terrace, some of the ceilings, and the main staircase are after Haddon Hall. The castle was built where the old house stood, and some parts of the old foundations were utilised. Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, was graciously accorded special facilities by which he was enabled to make the numerous sketches which appear in this issue.

The Queen returned to Darmstadt on Friday evening. The Court theatre company on April 27 performed at the Luisenplatz Palace before their Majesties and their Royal Highnesses Benedix's comedy, "Die Zärtlichen Verwandten." On Sunday, after divine worship in the Palace Chapel, the Queen and two of the Princesses

place on April 24, and was witnessed by at least 20,000 spectators. The procession from the Town Hall stretched half a mile, and several of the vehicles in it were exquisitely decorated. The battle lasted two hours, and was a very brilliant sight.

THE WEDDING OF MISS PEEL.

The "style," as the legal documents say, of Julia Beatrice, daughter of the Right Hon. A. W. Peel, has undergone three changes within a few days. She was Miss Julia Peel until a certain brilliant ceremony in St. Margaret's, Westminster, on April 24, made her Mrs. Rochfort Maguire. And since that event, owing to the conferment of a viscounty on her distinguished father, she has become the Hon. Mrs. Rochfort Maguire. Our Artist, who is responsible for the illustration of the wedding on another page, might well have been embarrassed by the multitude of famous faces which were visible near the bridal pair. He has wisely chosen to depict only those most intimately concerned. Mr. Peel—as politicians and the public will always think of the ex-Speaker—would have been in any case a notable figure in the church, but additional interest caused by recent events was centred upon him as he gave his eldest daughter to a member of that House over which he has presided with such fine

shore of the Gulf of Mexico, has reached an acute crisis. Three of our vessels of war, the *Royal Arthur*, *Satellite*, and *Wild Swan*, under command of Rear-Admiral Stephenson, lay at Corinto to enforce the demand of £15,000 to be paid as compensation. This payment being refused, on Saturday, April 27, the guns of those ships were pointed at the town, and twenty of their boats carried ashore, under Captain Trench, R.N., of the *Royal Arthur*, and Major Burrowes, a strong force of seamen and Royal Marines. The Nicaragua garrison, numbering a couple of hundred, withdrew across the lagoon, and the British troops occupied the Custom House and the barracks, hoisting the British flag without opposition, most of the inhabitants leaving the town, with all the Government officials. The *Satellite* and *Wild Swan* have been sent to Paso de Caballos and San Juan del Sul. The President of the Republic, General Zelaya, has been endeavouring to get the American Government at Washington to interfere, but without effect, though America is just now much interested in the project of the Nicaragua Ship Canal to join the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean navigation. A proposal to settle the dispute by the payment of 75,500 dols. to the British Government, the United States being umpire, is now thought likely to be accepted, upon which act being performed, the British force would immediately be removed.



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE EMPRESS FREDERICK AT FRIEDRICHSHOF: GENERAL VIEW OF KRONBERG, FROM THE VILLA CANDIDUS, SHOWING THE CASTLE.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE EMPRESS FREDERICK AT FRIEDRICHSHOF: THE EMPRESS FREDERICK SHOWING HER MAJESTY THROUGH THE CASTLE GROUNDS.
From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.



H.M.S. Royal Arthur, flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Stephenson.

H.M.S. Satellite.

H.M.S. Wild Swan.

THE TROUBLE IN NICARAGUA: ADMIRAL STEPHENSON'S SQUADRON AT CORINTO.

PERSONAL.

The House of Commons has welcomed the return of a familiar and handsome figure in the person of Mr. Robert



Photo by R. W. Howes.
MR. GURDON, M.P.

Thornehaugh Gurdon, who became Unionist M.P. for Mid-Norfolk on April 24. Mr. Gurdon had a majority of 208 over his Liberal opponent, Mr. F. W. Wilson. This is 200 votes less than those by which he was returned in 1886, but though his majority is small "twill serve," as Mercutio said of his wound. Mr. Gurdon is sixty-six years old, and represented South Norfolk from 1880 to 1885, and Mid-Norfolk from 1885 to 1892. He was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, and nearly forty years ago was called to the Bar. He is a good specimen of the county gentleman.

The late Speaker's title in the peerage is Viscount Peel after all. This is obviously most fitting, but the gossips who object to the obvious had discovered that Sir Robert Peel would not consent to this ennobling of the family name. The world is doubtless relieved to learn that there is no jealousy between the Peel baronetcy and the Peel viscountcy.

Mr. Pitt-Lewis, formerly member for the Barnstaple division, and a strong Liberal Unionist, has declared himself a follower of Lord Rosebery on the ground that the House of Commons has adopted a resolution in favour of "Home Rule all round," thus, in Mr. Pitt-Lewis's opinion, depriving Irish Home Rule of its most dangerous features. This reasoning has been received with general surprise; but explanations of sudden conversion are always puzzling. Mr. Pitt-Lewis has joined Captain Naylor-Leyland and Mr. Clement Higgins in the museum of political psychology.

Again there is a good deal of talk about dissolution. The calculation in Unionist circles appears to be that the Government will "ride for a fall" on the Local Veto Bill. Some commotion has been excited on the other side by the announcement that Ministers will proceed with the One Man One Vote Bill, which is supposed to herald an appeal to the constituencies. On the other hand, it is urged that a dissolution on the Local Veto Bill would be fatal to the Ministerial chances in the country, and the Liberal organs are accordingly warning the temperance party against the danger of being too exacting. Some of the prophets are confident that there will be an autumn session for the Registration Bill, and that the dissolution will not happen till the beginning of next year.

Just now, when the dialogue is so popular in print, there is a chance for it to become fashionable vocally. Miss Beatrice Herford, daughter of Dr. Brooke Herford, the distinguished Unitarian preacher, gave, in the Salle Erard, on April 24 a delightful display of her pleasant gifts as an elocutionist. Her first piece simulated the insinuating ways and conversation of an "American book-agent"—a travelling canvasser happily almost unknown in this country. Very cleverly and humorously did Miss Herford imitate her subject calling upon a lady and beguiling her into the purchase of a ten-dollar art-volume. Then Mrs. Henschel (accompanied exquisitely by her talented husband) sang sweetly "Nymphs and Shepherds" and another ballad, after which Miss Herford made her crowded audience laugh over a "A Tram Baby," in which the trials of a mother and her precocious child in a tram were depicted. Other selections followed, in all of which the elocutionist did herself justice. She ought to attain speedy popularity as an entertainer.

The death of Sir Patrick O'Brien has recalled many stories of one of the most genial of Irish humorists. Sir



Photo by Fradelle.
THE LATE SIR PATRICK O'BRIEN.

Patrick O'Brien sat in the House of Commons for more than thirty years, and his rising in debate was always welcomed, especially in the small hours. He had a positive genius for jocular irrelevance, vastly appreciated in the days before changes in procedure had made wandering from the point a Parliamentary offence. Perhaps Sir Patrick's greatest achievement was his famous reply to Mr. Biggar, who had attacked him purely for the sake of sport. "Sor!" said Sir Patrick, "if I were to say to this House that I

regarded the honourable member for Cavan with contempt and disdain, what would the House reply? Sor, the House would say, 'Pat, me bhoys, roight ye are!'" Needless to say this utterance was not reported next morning.

A notable distinction in the higher education of women has been won by Miss Grace Chisholm. This young lady, who had already distinguished herself greatly at Oxford and Cambridge, has obtained the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Göttingen. Such an event may well stagger the medievalism of German ideas about the education of girls. Until quite recently the Emperor William had set his face against the admission of women to the Universities, which are under the control of the Imperial Government, but even his opposition has been conquered. That the first victory of the new movement in Germany should have been won by an Englishwoman is a circumstance which ought to stimulate the German national pride. Gretchen will have to redeem the honour of her country by becoming a Doctor of Philosophy too. Meanwhile, Kant and Schopenhauer are reported to be turning in their graves.

Influenza has taken a heavy toll among our scientists. One of the latest, and at the same time the youngest,

whose death we have to regret is Professor Harry Chester Goodhart.

He had a most promising career at Eton, whither he went in 1871 as King's Scholar on the foundation. He gained the Newcastle medal and a foundation scholarship, which took him to Trinity College, Cambridge. He graduated in 1881 second classic and first Chancellor's Medallist, and was appointed a Fellow and tutor at his college. He was one of the English team in 1882 in the international Association football match, showing that his athletic instincts had not been submerged by intellectual work. He acted as tutor to the late Duke of Clarence, who was the "best man" at Professor Goodhart's wedding. In 1883 he was appointed a classical lecturer for Cambridge University, and eight years later his high abilities gained for him the Latin chair at Edinburgh. In his new post he soon won the admiration and esteem of those who attended his lectures as Professor of Humanity. He died on April 21.

Rear-Admiral Henry Frederick Stephenson, C.B., whose name has come into prominence in connection with the



Photo by Eymonds and Co.
ADMIRAL SIR H. F. STEPHENSON.

enforcement of British claims at Corinto, in Nicaragua, is nearly fifty-three years old. He entered the Navy at the age of thirteen. His successive steps in the service were as follows: Lieutenant in 1860, Commander in 1868, Captain in 1875, Rear-Admiral in August 1890. He wears the Order of the Osmanieh, third class, and was, prior to becoming Commander-in-Chief on the Pacific station, an Equerry to the Prince of Wales. He is an alert sailor, to whom the recent operations must have afforded some satisfaction. His sense of humour, however, would be touched by the trifling resistance offered to the landing of his bluejackets. Admiral Stephenson is much liked in society, and as he was at one time captain of the royal yacht, he is well known to many members of the royal family.

Canon MacColl has written a pamphlet about Armenia based on the Consular reports in the Blue Books down to 1892. Since that date no Consular reports from Armenia have been published, but it is generally understood that they contain a formidable indictment of the Turkish administration. Even in 1892 the case was pretty strong. The Duke of Argyll is to preside over a meeting at St. James's Hall on May 8 to protest against the treatment of the Armenians.

It seems that in New York there are patriotic journalists who demand a war with England on account of our alleged violation of what is called the Monroe doctrine by our intervention in Nicaragua. President Monroe about seventy years ago laid down the principle that the United States would not consent to the acquisition of territory on the American continent by European Powers. Nobody wants any territory in Nicaragua. The British Government is simply taking steps to secure the payment of an indemnity which the Nicaraguans have incurred by misbehaviour.

Naughty boys must have their ears boxed, and lose their pocket-money. Fortunately, President Cleveland takes this rational view of the situation.

Lord Moncreiff of Tulliebole, who died at Edinburgh on April 27, aged eighty-three, had won distinction in more than one field. The second son of Lord Moncreiff, an eminent Scottish judge, he was educated at the High School and the University of Edinburgh. Having been admitted to the Bar in 1833, he soon displayed great gifts as an advocate, and in 1850 he was appointed Solicitor-General. Next year Lord John Russell made him Lord Advocate, an office he held for the following eighteen years. He represented Leith in the House of Commons 1851-59, Edinburgh 1859-68, and for the next year the Universities of Glasgow and Aberdeen. Besides concerning himself with Scotch legislation, he secured much favour by his eloquent speeches on questions of general policy. In 1869 he became Lord Justice Clerk—the duties of which post had recently interested Robert Louis Stevenson—and three years afterwards was created a baronet. In 1874 he was raised to the peerage as Baron Moncreiff, and in 1883 succeeded to the old family baronetcy. Lord Moncreiff adorned the Bench for nineteen years, and on his retirement received the honour of a Privy Councillorship and the friendly compliment of a brilliant banquet. His pen was often employed in the *Edinburgh Review*, and his uncompleted labours included a history of his distinguished family. His eldest son sits, under the title of Lord Wellwood, as Judge of the Court of Session in Scotland.

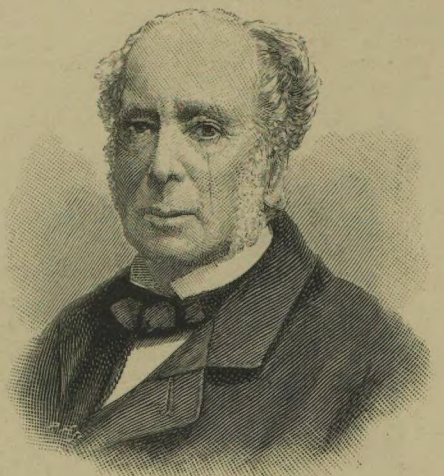


Photo by J. Horsburgh and Son.
THE LATE LORD MONCREIFF.

A very promising début has been made by *Chapman's Magazine* under the experienced editorship of Mr. Oswald Crawford, C.M.G. The old-established house of Chapman and Hall, gratefully regarded by lovers of Dickens and other famous authors, has done itself credit by producing a well-printed magazine of fiction, minus illustrations. An amusing story by Mr. James Payn, in the manner of his popular "Mrs. B.'s Alarms"; a delightful dialogue, "Bad Matches," by Anthony Hope; a long poem by John Davidson, with two or three striking phrases; the first instalment of a story by Miss Violet Hunt, in her best style—these are just a few of the contents of a thick magazine, which impresses one as much by its high quality as by the quantity of its stories.

Lord Halifax made a remarkable speech at a meeting of the English Church Union. He expressed his approval of the conduct of certain members of the E.C.U. in publicly protesting against the marriage service in church when the bridegroom happened to be a divorced person. Lord Halifax and his friends hold that marriage under such conditions is contrary to the canonical law of the Church of England. As it is certainly not contrary to the law of the land, not much is gained by calling on the officiating clergyman to desist. If Lord Halifax does not like the authority of Parliament in these matters, he can quite consistently agitate for Disestablishment; but it is scarcely wise to make interruptions of the marriage ceremony, for if this becomes a practice, the militant members of the E.C.U. will run the risk of being indicted for causing a public nuisance.

A widely esteemed London magistrate was Mr. William Major Cooke, who died on April 27. He was in his seventieth year, and had been absent from his post as senior magistrate at Marylebone Police Court for the last month. Mr. Cooke was the son of Mr. John Cooke, of Newport, in the Isle of Wight. He was educated at London University and Trinity College, Cambridge. He was called to the Bar of the Middle Temple at the age of twenty-three, and joined the Western Circuit. He was twice Liberal candidate for his native place. In 1857 he was appointed Recorder of Poole, and four years later Recorder of Southampton. In April 1862 Mr. Cooke was appointed by Sir George Grey, then Home Secretary, as a metropolitan police magistrate. During his long occupation of this arduous office he sat at Worship Street, Clerkenwell, and Marylebone Police Courts. He tempered justice with mercy, and won the respect of all those who came in contact with him.

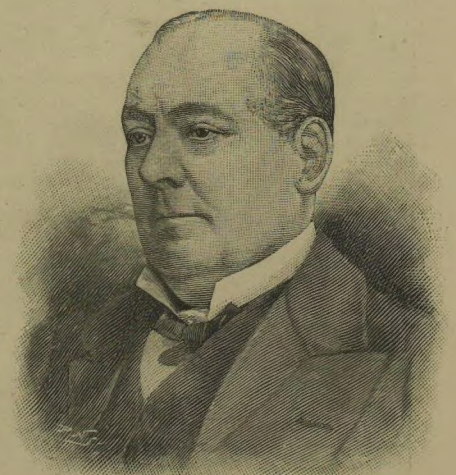


Photo by Dibbenham.
THE LATE MR. W. M. COOKE.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The Queen's holiday concluded with her return on May 1 to Windsor. Her Majesty was to have arrived in the evening of the day before, Tuesday; but the royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, which conveyed her from Flushing, was detained three hours by a fog off the Nore, and did not reach Sheerness till nine o'clock. The Queen, therefore, stayed on board during the night. Some illustrations will be found in another part of our paper respecting her Majesty's visit to Friedrichshof, the residence of her eldest daughter, the Empress Frederick.

On Saturday, April 27, Wilhelmina, Queen of the Netherlands, and her mother, Queen Emma, Regent of that kingdom, sister to the Duchess of Albany, arrived at Queenborough on board the Dutch royal yacht *Valk*, from Flushing, and came to London by the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway. At noon their Majesties were met at the Victoria Station by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and his son, and the Duchess of Albany. They went to Claremont to stay with her Royal Highness, and will also visit our Queen at Windsor. On Monday and Tuesday the two Dutch Queens were in London, and went to the British Museum.

The Prince of Wales presided at the annual meeting of the Royal Naval Fund, and the Duke of Cambridge at the annual dinner of the German Hospital.

The political party and electioneering incidents of the last few days have been, in Mid-Norfolk, at the polling on April 23 the return of Mr. R. T. Gurdon, Unionist, by 4112 votes against 3904 for Mr. R. W. Wilson, a supporter of the present Ministry; at Leamington, the withdrawal of Mr. George Peel, the Liberal Unionist candidate, on April 25, whereupon Mr. E. Montague Nelson, who was the Conservative candidate, has also retired, both sections of the Unionists consenting to support the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton; and in East Wicklow on April 26 the election of Mr. E. P. O'Kelly, an Anti-Parnellite Home Ruler, by a majority of 65 over Mr. John Sweetman, the Parnellite late member, and 112 over Colonel Tottenham, the Conservative candidate. The election for East Leeds resulted on Tuesday, April 30, in the return of Mr. T. R. Leuty, the Liberal candidate, by 3999 votes against 2868 for Mr. J. D. Power, the Conservative candidate.

Near Epinal, in the Vosges, France, a great disaster happened early on Saturday morning, April 27, by the bursting of the dam of the Bouzey reservoir, connected with the Eastern Canal, in the valley of the Avière, which is a river flowing into the Moselle. All the water in the reservoir, and that of the canal for six miles in length, inundated a large manufacturing district. More than a hundred people were drowned.

The rapid and successful advance of the British and Indian forces towards Chitral for the relief of the Residency garrison there has been recognised by an approving telegram from her Majesty the Queen. Dr. George Scott Robertson, Surgeon-Major, the British Political Agent, on April 20

was enabled to communicate his report of the siege to which he and his companions had been exposed from March 3, when they were attacked by Shere Afzul, with whom Umra Khan, the ruler of Bajaur, was co-operating, to seize the government of Chitral and to put an end to British authority or agency there. It appears that the fort was attacked seven or eight times by considerable forces of the enemy, but was stoutly defended, the loss on the British side altogether being thirty-nine killed and sixty-two wounded. Among those killed was Captain J. M. Baird, of the 24th Bengal Infantry, while Captain C. P. Campbell, 2nd Central India Horse, and Dr. Robertson himself, were wounded; also several native officers of the Indian army. There was much sickness among the garrison from bad food, exposure, and fatigue, and a lack of

has rendered the most valuable assistance to the British Indian Government. Chitral is a feudal dependency of our ally the Maharajah of Kashmir.

The discussion among Russian, German, and French politicians of the proposed terms of peace between China and Japan—the treaty of Shimonoseki awaiting its final ratification at Peking on May 8—has become very lively. It is understood that England, Italy, Austria, and the United States do not intend actively to oppose the treaty, while neither France nor Germany will support their disapproval of it by naval or military action. Nevertheless, the acquisition by Japan, in her new warlike attitude, of such a commanding territorial position on the continent as she would obtain by the cession of the Liao-tung peninsula, with Niuchuang, Port Arthur, and the Yalu River, giving access through Manchuria to the extreme region of the Siberian dominion, is a disagreeable prospect for Russia.

PARLIAMENT.

Ministers have obtained the usual increase of facilities for Government business. Sir William Harcourt's motion for appropriating the greater part of the Parliamentary time was recommended and opposed on the familiar grounds. The Chancellor of the Exchequer said that the time normally at the disposal of the Government was inadequate, and Mr. Chamberlain said that this particular Government did not deserve more time, because they made so bad a use of it. That is the usual objection of an Opposition, and it remains only to record the practical result, which was a majority of twenty-two for Ministers. The Government majority fell to one in the division on a proposal to abolish the exemption of Government property from local rating, but as this division was not taken on strictly party lines, the incident has not greatly affected the Ministerial spirits. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre introduced the Plural Voting Bill, which had a derisive welcome from Mr. Chamberlain, who treated it as another instance of the futility of the Ministerial programme. Briefly, the measure proposes that every elector shall have only one vote,

and that a general election shall be held on a Saturday, instead of being extended over a fortnight as it is now. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre said his Bill was aimed solely at the equalisation of the franchise, a reform made necessary by the circumstance that the number of plural voters exceeded 16,000. As for the principle of "one vote one voter" the Government were quite prepared to accept it as a basis for a scheme of redistribution; but they contended that such a scheme was quite independent of the question of plural voting. The Opposition retorted that the abolition of plural voting was a mere party dodge in the Ministerial interest, and that for this reason it would encounter the most strenuous resistance. It remains to be seen whether the Government will not drop the proposal about equalising the franchise and simply retain the provision for holding the elections on one day, which would, to a great extent, serve the same purpose. Among minor Bills of this prolific Ministry is a measure for extending the Crofters' Act, and another for facilitating the construction of light railways in Great Britain, both of which are likely to be treated as non-contentious.



THE BATTLE OF FLOWERS AT EASTBOURNE.

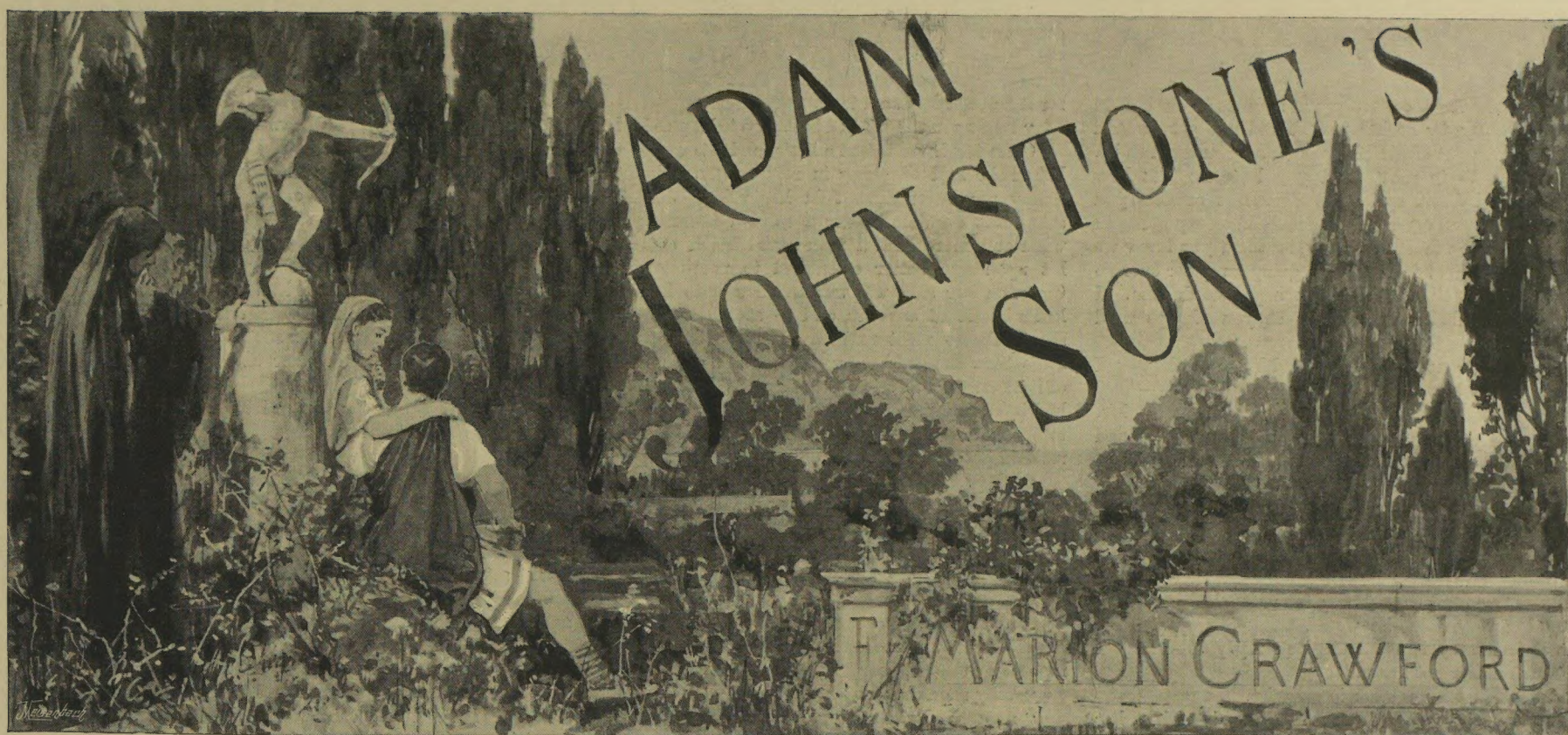
See "Our Illustrations."

medicines, drugs, and surgical stores. Colonel Kelly's relieving force, from Gilgit, reached Chitral at midday on April 20; Shere Afzul and his followers had withdrawn on the night of April 18, abandoning the siege. The army of General Sir Robert Low on April 25 was collected at Dir, while General Gatacre's advance column, the Buffs and the 4th Goorkhas, was at the Lowari Pass. The enemy was not likely to make any further active resistance.

Later news is that Shere Afzul, with Kokan Bey and other important chiefs, and with three or four hundred retainers, has been captured at Patrak, on the Upper Panjkora, by the Khan of Dir, and on April 27 were brought in prisoners to Sir Robert Low's camp. Mohammed Isa Khan, the main instigator of the trouble in Chitral, was in hiding at Shusikuf, and Umra Khan, with his brother Mohammed Shah Khan, was at Jelalabad under the surveillance of the Afghan military officials; and his two cousins had surrendered to the Afghan Government at Asmar. Many hundreds of prisoners have been taken. The Khan of Dir



THE MARRIAGE OF MISS PEEL WITH MR. ROCHFORD MAGUIRE, M.P., IN ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH, WESTMINSTER.



ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

CHAPTER VI.

The first sign that two people no longer stand to each other in the relation of mere acquaintances is generally that the tone of their voices changes, while they feel a slight and unaccountable constraint when they happen to be left alone together.

Two days passed after the little incident which had occurred at dinner before Clare and Johnstone were momentarily face to face out of Mrs. Bowring's sight. At first Clare had not been aware that her mother was taking pains to be always present when the young man was about, but when she noticed the fact she at once began to resent it. Such constant watchfulness was unlike her mother, un-English, and most unnatural. When they were all seated together on the terrace, if Mrs. Bowring wished to go indoors to write a letter or to get something, she invented some excuse for making her daughter go with her, and stay with her till she came out again. A French or Italian mother could not have been more particular or careful, but a French or Italian girl would have been accustomed to such treatment, and would not have seen anything unusual in it. And Mrs. Bowring had never acted in such a way before now, and it irritated the young girl extremely. She felt that she was being treated like a child, and that Johnstone must see it and think it ridiculous. At last Clare made an attempt at resistance, out of sheer contrariety.

"I don't want to write letters!" she answered impatiently. "I wrote two yesterday. It is hot indoors, and I would much rather stay here!"

Mrs. Bowring went as far as the parapet, and looked down at the sea for a moment. Then she came back and sat down again.

"It's quite true," she said. "It is hot indoors. I don't think I shall write, after all."

Brook Johnstone could not help smiling a little, though he turned away his face to hide his amusement. It was so perfectly evident that Mrs. Bowring was determined not to leave Clare alone with him that he must have been blind not to see it. Clare saw the smile, and was angry. She was nineteen years old, she had been out in the world, the terrace was a public place, Johnstone was a gentleman, and the whole thing was absurd. She took up her work and closed her lips tightly.

Johnstone felt the awkwardness, rose suddenly, and said he would go for a walk. Clare raised her eyes and nodded as he lifted his hat. He was still smiling, and her resentment deepened. A moment later mother and daughter were alone. Clare did not lay down her work, nor look up when she spoke.

"Really, mother, it's too absurd!" she exclaimed, and a little colour came to her cheeks.

"What is absurd, my dear?" asked Mrs. Bowring, affecting not to understand.

"Your abject fear of leaving me for five minutes with Mr. Johnstone. I'm not a baby. He was laughing. I was positively ashamed! What do you suppose could have happened if you had gone in and written your letters and left us quietly here? And it happens every day, you know! If you want a glass of water I have to go in with you."

"My dear! What an exaggeration!"



She dropped her work and leaned forward, her hand on her mother's, and gazing into her face with a look of anxiety.

"It's not an exaggeration, mother—really. You know that you wouldn't leave me with him for five minutes for anything in the world."

"Do you wish to be left alone with him, my dear?" asked Mrs. Bowring rather abruptly.

Clare was indignant.

"Wish it? No; certainly not! But if it should happen naturally, by accident, I should not get up and run away. I'm not afraid of the man, as you seem to be. What can he do to me? And you have no idea how strangely you behave, and what ridiculous excuses you invent for me. The other day you insisted on my going in to look for a train in the time-tables, when you know we haven't the slightest intention of going away for ever so long. Really, you're turning into a perfect duenna. I wish you would behave naturally, as you always used to do."

"I think you exaggerate," said Mrs. Bowring. "I never leave you alone with men you hardly know—"

"You can't exactly say that we hardly know Mr. Johnstone, when he has been with us, morning, noon, and night, for nearly a week, mother."

"My dear, we know nothing about him—"

"If you are so anxious to know his father's Christian name, ask him. It wouldn't seem at all odd. I will, if you like."

"Don't!" cried Mrs. Bowring, with unusual energy. "I mean," she added, in a lower tone and looking away, "it would be very rude—he would think it very strange. In fact, it is merely idle curiosity on my part—really I would much rather not know."

Clara looked at her mother in surprise.

"How oddly you talk!" she exclaimed. Then her tone changed. "Mother, dear, is anything the matter? You don't seem quite—what shall I say? Are you suffering, dearest? Has anything happened?"

She dropped her work and leaned forward, her hand on her mother's, and gazing into her face with a look of anxiety.

"No, dear," answered Mrs. Bowring. "No, no; it's nothing. Perhaps I'm a little nervous—that's all."

"I believe the air of this place doesn't suit you. Why shouldn't we go away at once?"

Mrs. Bowring shook her head and protested energetically.

"No—oh no! I wouldn't go away for anything. I like the place immensely, and we are both getting perfectly well here. Oh no! I wouldn't think of going away."

Clare leaned back in her seat again. She was devotedly fond of her mother, and she could not but see that something was wrong. In spite of what she said, Mrs. Bowring was certainly not growing stronger, though she was not exactly ill. The pale face was paler, and there was a worn and restless look in the long-suffering, almost colourless eyes.

"I'm sorry I made such a fuss about Mr. Johnstone," said Clare softly, after a short pause.

"No, darling," answered her mother instantly. "I dare say I have been a little over-careful. I don't know—I had a sort of presentiment that you might take a fancy to him."

"I know. You said so the first day. But I sha'n't, mother. You need not be at all afraid. He is not at all the sort of man to whom I should ever take a fancy, as you call it."

"I don't see why not," said Mrs. Bowring thoughtfully.

"Of course—it's hard to explain," Clare smiled. "But if that is what you are afraid of, you can leave us alone all day. My 'fancy' would be quite, quite different."

"Very well, darling. At all events, I'll try not to turn into a duenna."

Johnstone did not appear again until dinner, and then he was unusually silent, only exchanging a remark with Clare now and then, and not once leaning forward to say a few words to Mrs. Bowring as he generally did. The latter had at first thought of changing places with her daughter, but had reflected that it would be almost a rudeness to make such a change after the second day.

They went out upon the terrace and had their coffee there. Several of the other people did the same, and walked slowly up and down under the vines. Mrs. Bowring, wishing to destroy as soon as possible the unpleasant impression she had created, left the two together, saying that she would get something to put over her shoulders, as the air was cool.

Clare and Johnstone stood by the parapet and looked at each other. Then Clare leaned with her elbows on the wall and stared in silence at the little lights on the beach below, trying to make out the shapes of the boats which were hauled up in a long row. Neither spoke for a long time, and Clare, at least, felt unpleasantly the constraint of the unusual silence.

"It is a beautiful place, isn't it?" observed Johnstone at last, for the sake of hearing his own voice.

"Oh, yes; quite beautiful," answered the young girl in a half-indifferent, half-discontented tone, and the words ended with a sort of girlish sniff.

Again there was silence. Johnstone, standing up beside her, looked towards the hotel to see whether Mrs. Bowring was coming back. But she was anxious to appear indifferent to their being together, and was in no

hurry to return. Johnstone sat down upon the wall, while Clare leaned over it.

"Miss Bowring!" he said suddenly, to call her attention.

"Yes?" She did not look up; but to her own amazement she felt a queer little thrill at the sound of his voice, for it had not its usual tone.

"Don't you think I had better go to Naples?" he asked.

Clare felt herself start a little, and she waited a moment before she said anything in reply. She did not wish to betray any astonishment in her voice. Johnstone had asked the question under a sudden impulse; but a far wiser and more skilful man than himself could not have hit upon one better calculated to precipitate intimacy. Clare, on her side, was woman enough to know that she had a choice of answers, and to see that the answer she should choose must make a difference hereafter. At the same time she had been surprised, and when she thought of it afterwards it seemed to her that the question itself had been an impertinent one, merely because it forced her to make an answer of some sort. She decided in favour of making everything as clear as possible.

"Why?" she asked, without looking round.

At all events she would throw the burden of an elucidation upon him. He was not afraid of taking it up.

"It's this," he answered. "I've rather thrust my acquaintance upon you, and, if I stay here until my people come, I can't exactly change my seat and go and sit at the other end of the table, nor pretend to be busy all day, and never come out here and sit with you, after telling you repeatedly that I have nothing on earth to do. Can I?"

"Why should you?"

"Because Mrs. Bowring doesn't like me."

Clare rose from her elbows and stood up, resting her hands upon the wall, but still looking down at the lights on the beach.

"I assure you you're quite mistaken," she answered, with quiet emphasis. "My mother thinks you're very nice."

"Then why—" Johnstone checked himself, and crumbled little bits of mortar from the rough wall with his thumbs.

"Why what?"

"I don't know whether I know you well enough to ask the question, Miss Bowring."

"Let's assume that you do—for the sake of argument," said Clare, with a short laugh, as she glanced at his face, dimly visible in the falling darkness.

"Thanks awfully," he answered, but he did not laugh with her. "It isn't exactly an easy thing to say, is it? Only—I couldn't help noticing—I hope you'll forgive me, if you think I'm rude, won't you?—I couldn't help noticing that your mother was most awfully afraid of leaving us alone for a minute, you know—as though she thought I were a suspicious character, don't you know. Something of that sort. So, of course, I thought she didn't like me. Do you see? Tremendously cheeky of me to talk in this way, isn't it?"

"Do you know, it is, rather," Clare was more inclined to laugh than before, but she only smiled in the dark.

"Well, it would be, of course, if I didn't happen to be so painfully respectable."

"Painfully respectable! What an expression!" This time Clare laughed aloud.

"Yes; that's just it. Well, I couldn't exactly tell Mrs. Bowring that, could I? Besides, one isn't vain of being respectable. I wouldn't say, 'Please, Mrs. Bowring, my father is Mr. Smith, and my mother was a Miss Brown, of very good family, and we've got five hundred a year in Consols, and we're not in trade, and I've been to a good school, and am not at all dangerous.' It would have sounded so—so uncalled for, don't you know, wouldn't it?"

"Very. But now that you've explained it to me, I suppose I may tell my mother, mayn't I? Let me see. Your father is Mr. Smith, and your mother was a Miss Brown—"

"Oh, please—no!" interrupted Johnstone. "I didn't mean it so very literally. But it is just about that sort of thing—just like anybody else. Only about our not being in trade, I'm not so sure of that. My father is a brewer. Brewing is not a profession, so I suppose it must be a trade, isn't it?"

"You might call it a manufacture," suggested Clare.

"Yes, it sounds better. But that isn't the question, you know. You'll see my people when they come, and then you'll understand what I mean—they really are tremendously respectable."

"Of course!" assented the young girl. "Like the party you came with on the yacht. That kind of people."

"Oh dear no!" exclaimed Johnstone. "Not at all those kind of people. They wouldn't like it at all if you said so."

"Ah! indeed!" Clare was inclined to laugh again.

"The party I came with belong rather to a gay set. Awfully nice, you know," he hastened to add, "and quite the people one knows at home. But my father and mother—oh no! they are quite different—the difference between whist and baccarat, you know, if you understand that sort of thing—old port and brandy-and-soda—both very good in their way, but quite different."

"I should think so."

"Then—" Johnstone hesitated again. "Then, Miss Bowring—you don't think that your mother really dislikes me, after all?"

"Oh dear no! Not in the least. I've heard her say all sorts of nice things about you."

"Really? Then I think I'll stay here. I didn't want to be a nuisance, you know—always in the way."

"You're not in the way," answered Clare.

Mrs. Bowring came back with her shawl, and the rest of the evening passed off as usual. Later, when she was alone, the young girl remembered all the conversation, and she saw that it had been in her power to make Johnstone leave Amalfi. While she was wondering why she hadn't done so, since she hated him for what she knew of him, she fell asleep, and the question remained unanswered. In the morning she told the substance of it all to her mother, and ended by telling her that Johnstone's father was a brewer.

"Of course," answered Mrs. Bowring absently. "I know that." Then she realised what she had said, and glanced at Clare with an odd, scared look.

Clare uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Mother! Why, then—you know all about him! Why didn't you tell me?"

A long silence followed, during which Mrs. Bowring sat with her face turned from her daughter. Then she raised her hand and passed it slowly over her forehead, as though trying to collect her thoughts.

"One comes across very strange things in life, my dear," she said at last. "I am not sure that we had not better go away, after all. I'll think about it."

Beyond this Clare could get no impression, nor any explanation of the fact that Mrs. Bowring should have known something about Brook Johnstone's father. The girl made a guess, of course. The other Johnstone must be a relation of her mother's first husband: though, considering that Mrs. Bowring had never seen Brook before now, and that the latter had never told her anything about his father, it was hard to see how she could be so sure of the fact. Possibly Brook strongly resembled his father's family. That, indeed, was the only admissible theory. But all that Clara knew and could put together into reasonable shape could not explain why her mother so much disliked leaving her alone with the man, even for five minutes.

In this, however, Mrs. Bowring changed suddenly, after the first evening when she had left them on the terrace. She either took a totally different view of the situation or else she was ashamed of seeming to watch them all the time, and the consequence was that during the next three or four days they were very often together without her.

Johnstone enjoyed the young girl's society, and did not pretend to deny the fact in his own thoughts. Whatever mischief he might have been in while on the yacht, his natural instincts were simple and honest. In a certain way Clare was a revelation to him of something to which he had never been accustomed, and which he had most carefully avoided. He had no sisters, and as a boy he had not been thrown with girls. He was an only son, and his mother, a very practical woman, had warned him as he grew up that he was a great match, and had better avoid young girls altogether until he saw one whom he should like to marry, though how he was to see that particular one, if he avoided all alike, was a question into which Mrs. Johnstone did not choose to enter. Having first gone into society upon this principle, however, and having been at once taken up and made much of by an extremely fashionable young woman afflicted with an elderly and eccentric husband, it was not likely that Brook would return to the threshold of the schoolroom for women's society. He went on as he had begun in his first schooldays, and at five-and-twenty he had the reputation of having done more damage than any of his young contemporaries, while he had never once shown the slightest inclination to marry. His mother did not press the question of marriage, dreaming that with his disposition he would stand a better chance of married peace when he had expended a good deal of what she called his vivacity; and his father, who came of very long-lived people, always said that no man should take a wife before he was thirty. As Brook did not gamble immoderately, nor start a racing stable, nor propose to manage an opera troupe, the practical Mrs. Johnstone felt that he was really a very good young man. His father liked him for his own sake; but as Adam Johnstone had been gay in his youth, in spite of his sober Scotch blood, even beyond the bounds of ordinary "fastness," the fact of his being fond of Brook was not of itself a guarantee that the latter was such a very good young man as Mrs. Johnstone said that he was. Somehow or other Brook had hitherto managed to keep clear of any entanglement which could hamper his life, probably by virtue of that hardness which he had shown to poor Lady Fan, and which had so strongly prejudiced Clare Bowring against him. His father said cynically that the lad was canny. Hitherto he had certainly shown that he could be selfish; and perhaps there is less difference between the meanings of the Scotch and English words than most people suppose.

Daily and almost hourly intercourse with such a young girl as Clare was a totally new experience to Brook Johnstone, and there were moments when he hardly recognised

himself for the man who had landed from the yacht ten days earlier, and who had said good-bye to Lady Fan on the platform behind the hotel.

Hitherto he had always known in a day or two whether he was inclined to make love to a woman or not. An inclination to make love and the satisfaction of it had been, so far, his nearest approach to being in love at all. Nor, when he had felt the inclination, had he ever hesitated. Like a certain past English statesman of similar disposition, he had sometimes been repulsed, but he never remembered having given offence. For he possessed that tactful intention which guides some men through life in their intercourse with women. He rarely spoke the first word too soon, and if he were going to speak at all, he never spoke too late—which error is, of the two, by far the greater. He was young, perhaps, to have had such experience, but in the social world of to-day it is especially the fashion for men to be extremely young, even to youthfulness, and lack of years is no longer the atrocious crime which Pitt would neither attempt to palliate nor deny. We have just emerged from a period of wrinkles and paint, during which we were told that age knew everything and youth nothing. The explosion into nonsense of nine-tenths of all we were taught at school and college has given our children a terrible weapon against us; and women, who are all practical in their own way, prefer the blundering wholeheartedness of youth to the skilful tactics and over-effective effects of the middle-aged love-actor. On this side at least the breeze that goes before the dawn of a new century is already blowing. Perhaps it is a good sign—but a sign of some sort it certainly is.

Brook Johnstone felt that he was in an unfamiliar position, and he tried to analyse his own feelings. He was perfectly honest about it, but he had very little talent for analysis. On the other hand, he had a very keen sense of what we simply call honour. Clare was not Lady Fan, and would probably never get into that category. Clare belonged among the women whom he respected, and he respected them all, with all his heart. They included all young girls, and his mother, and all young women who were happily married. It will be admitted that, for a man who made no pretence to higher virtues, Brook was no worse than his contemporaries, and was better than a great many.

Be that as it may, in lack of any finer reasons of discrimination he tried to define his own position with regard to Clare Bowring very simply and honestly. Either he was falling in love or he was not. Secondly, Clare was either the kind of girl whom he should like to marry, spoken of by his practical mother—or she was not.

So far all was extremely plain. The trouble was that he could not find any answers to the questions. He could not in the least be sure that he was falling in love, because he knew that he had never really been in love in his life. And as for saying at once that Clare was, or was not, the girl whom he should like to marry, how in the world could he tell that unless he fell in love with her? Of course, he

did not wish to marry her unless he loved her. But he conceived it possible that he might fall in love with her and then not wish to marry her after all, which, in his simple opinion, would have been entirely despicable. If there were any chance of that he ought to go away at once. But he did not know whether there was any chance of it or not. He could go away in any case, in order to be on the safe side; but then there was no reason in the world why he should not marry her if he should love her, and if she would marry him. The question became very badly mixed, and under the circumstances he told himself that he was splitting hairs on the mountains he had made of his mole-hills. He determined to stay where he was. At all events,

therefore, very rashly, that he was simply pursuing his usual tactics, a main part of which consisted in seeming perfectly unaffected and natural, while only waiting for a faint sign of encouragement in order then to play the part of the passionate lover.

The generalisations of youth are terrible. What has failed once is despicably damned for ever. What is true to-day is true enough to-morrow to kill all other truths outright. The man whose hand has shaken once is a coward; he who has fought one battle is to be the hero of seventy. Life is a forest of inverted pyramids for the young: upon every point is balanced a gigantic weight of top-heavy ideals, spreading base upwards.

To Clare everything Johnstone said or did was the working of a faithless intention towards its end. It was clear enough that he sought her and stayed with her as long as he could, day by day; therefore he intended to make love to her sooner or later, and then, when he was tired, he would say good-bye to her just as he had said good-bye to Lady Fan, and break her heart, and have one story more to laugh over when he was alone. It was quite clear that he could not mean anything else after what she had seen.

All the same, he pleased her when he was with her, and attracted her oddly. She told herself that unless he had some unusual qualities he could not possibly break hearts for pastime, as he undoubtedly did, from year's end to year's end. She studied the question, and reached the conclusion that his strength was in his eyes. They were the most frank, brave, good-humoured, clear, unaffected eyes she had ever seen, but she could not look at them long. There was no reason why she should, indeed, but she hated to feel that she could not if she chose. Whenever she tried, she at once had the feeling that he had power over her to make her do things she did not wish to do. That was probably the way in which he had influenced Lady Fan and the other women, probably a dozen, thought Clare. If they were really as honest as they seemed, she thought she should have been able to meet them without the least sensation of nervousness.

One day she caught herself wishing that he had never done the

thing she so hated. She was too honest to attribute to him outward defects which he did not possess, and she could not help thinking what a fine fellow he would be if he were not so bad. She might have liked him very much then. But as it was, it was impossible that she should ever not hate him. Then she smiled to herself as she thought how surprised he would be if he could guess what she thought of him.

But there was no probability of that, for she felt that she had no right to know what she knew, and so she treated him always, as she thought, with the same even, indifferent civility. But not seldom she knew that she was wickedly wishing that he might really fall in love with her and find out that men could break their hearts as well as women. She should like to fight with him, with his own weapons, for the glory of all her sex, and make him thoroughly miserable for his sins. It could not be wrong to wish that after what



Johnstone sat down upon the wall, while Clare leaned over it.

judging from all signs with which he was acquainted, Clare was very far indeed from being in love with him, so that in this respect his sense of honour was perfectly safe and undisturbed.

Having set his mind at rest in this way, he allowed himself to talk with her as he pleased. There was no reason why he should hamper himself in conversation, so long as he said nothing calculated to make an impression—nothing which could come under the general head of “making love.” The result was that he was much more agreeable than he supposed. Clare’s innocent eyes watched him, and her mind was divided about him.

She was utterly young and inexperienced, but she was a woman, and she believed him to be false, faithless, and designing. She had no idea of the broad distinction he drew between good and innocent women like herself and all the rest, whom he considered lawful prey. She concluded

she had seen, but it would be very wrong to try and make him fall in love just with that intention. That would be almost as bad as what he had done; not quite so bad, of course, because it would serve him right, but still a deed which she might be ashamed to remember.

She herself felt perfectly safe. She was neither sentimental nor susceptible, for if she had been one or the other she must by this time have had some "experience," as she vaguely called it. But she had not. She had never even liked any man so much as she liked this man whom she hated. This was not a contradiction of facts, which, as Euclid teaches us, is impossible. She liked him for what she saw, and she hated him for what she knew.

One day when Mrs. Bowring was present, the conversation turned upon a recent novel in which the hero, after making love to a woman, found that he had made a mistake, and promptly made love to her sister, whom he married in the end.

"I despise that sort of man!" cried Clare rather vehemently, and flashing her eyes upon Johnstone.

For a moment she had thought that she could surprise him—that he would look away, or change colour, or in some way betray his most guilty conscience. But he did not seem in the least disturbed, and met her glance as calmly as ever.

"Do you?" he asked with an indifferent laugh. "Why? The fellow was honest, at all events. He found that he didn't love the one to whom he was engaged, and that he did love the other. So he set things straight before it was too late, and married the right one. He was a very sensible man, and it must have taken courage to be so honest about it."

"Courage!" exclaimed the young girl in high scorn. "He was a brute and a coward!"

"Dear me!" laughed Brook. "Don't you admit that a man may ever make a mistake?"

"When a man makes a mistake of that sort, he should either cut his throat or else keep his word to the woman and try to make her happy."

"That's a violent view—really! It seems to me that when a man has made a mistake the best thing to do is to

"Yes," answered Clare, "but don't you think that I'm right? It's what you say, after all—"

"Not exactly, my dear. No man who doesn't love a woman can make her happy for long."

"Well, a man who makes a woman think that he loves her and then leaves her for someone else is a brute, and a beast, and a coward, and a wretch, and a villain—and I hate him, and so do all women!"

"That's categorical," observed Brook with a laugh. "But I daresay you are quite right in theory, only practice is so awfully different, you know. And a woman doesn't thank a man for pretending to love her."

Clare's eyes flashed almost savagely, and her lip curled in scorn.

"There's only one right," she said. "I don't know how many wrongs there are—and I don't want to know."

"No," answered Brook, gravely enough. "And there is no reason why you ever should."

(To be continued.)

ECLOGUES OF ARCADY.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

XIV.—THE BARBERRY LEAVES.

I thought it must be barberry! No other hedgerow plant has so vivid a green, so tender and trustful a verdure. From a hundred yards off I could see in the hedge the delicate gleam of its foliage, not exactly pale—I should call mistletoe pale—but rather fresh and gay and innocent and springlike. It is the tint of young horse-chestnut leaves when they burst their dusky sheaths in early April, only barberry retains that dainty hue far on into the summer, and never really darkens; its foliage is thin and unmarred by surface hairs, so that the natural brightness of the almost translucent green is seen in its tissues to great advantage. Barberries are not common bushes hereabout, nor are they anywhere, I believe, truly indigenous to Britain; but they have been planted so long in shrubberies and gardens that they have found their way now as naturalised aliens into not a few thickets, woods, and hedgerows.

What may be the use to the plant of this delicate green hue I cannot decide. Some use it has, no doubt, but after hunting for years, I have never been able quite certainly to discover it. Perhaps, in order to find out, one would have to watch the habits and manners of the barberry in its native home in Central Europe and temperate Asia; for it is only when one studies their relations to their natural surroundings that plants yield up at last the most intimate secrets of their form and colour. Even in England, however, where it is but a casual denizen, the barberry can tell one a good deal about its nature. For example, you might say at a rough glance that such delicate and succulent green foliage exposed itself on sight to be greedily eaten by herbivorous animals—a consummation which the bush is, of course, most anxious to avoid. Now, most of the bushes which frequent thickets and hedgerows, like gorse and blackthorn, dog-rose and holly, defend themselves in one way or another, by thorns or prickles, by spiny or needle-shaped leaves, against the aggression of unwelcome animals. Just at first you would say the barberry did not belong to this functional group of well-armed thicket-haunters; its delicate green foliage looks most guileless and peaceable. But just try to pick a bit!—Concealed behind the screen of short green foliage-branches you will find to your surprise a sharp trio of spines—most murderous spines—radiating out in three directions from a common centre, and capable of inflicting an ugly wound on the tender noses of inquiring cows. In lands where barberries are commoner I do not doubt the deer and sheep and cattle have learnt by ancestral experience to anticipate such treatment, and leave the barberries severely alone; but in England, near Dorking, I have seen adventurous calves more than once retire with their noses torn and bleeding from too rash an attempt to nibble at the tender and luscious-looking foliage.

The way the barberry manages this mean little ambush is extremely original; it has hit upon a plan

unknown, I fancy, in any other family. The triple spines are really transformed leaves—the first and principal leaves that form on each branch as it unfolds in summer. From the axils of these spiny, unleaflike leaves arise short leafy branches thickly covered with the vivid pea-green foliage. In their first year, to be sure, the spines are useless as



Photo by Mault and Fox.

LORD WILLIAM BERESFORD.

soldiers; you can see for yourself if you look—they are too soft and succulent to act as deterrent or defensive agents. But in autumn, when the secondary leaves drop off, these primary leaves, spine-like in shape, remain in their place and harden as they dry into formidable thorns. Next year, when the new branches start afresh, each starts from a bud well under the protection of these triple thorns. The thorns are hidden behind the screen of leaves, but their radiating arrangement makes them peculiarly effective; and it is possible, indeed, that the pale green foliage so conspicuous at a distance may thus act as a warning to grazing animals not to trespass unawares on the fresh and succulent branches. The Mahonias of our shrubberies, which belong to the same group, and which are commonly known to gardeners as "Berberis," give us a hint of the way in which this quaint device may originally have been developed; for their compound leaf consists of several opposite leaflets, with prickly points to the ends of the ribs, very much as in holly. Another small exotic barberry, cultivated as a creeper on walls, is still more suggestive. Its foliage is prickly, and you have only to imagine its primary leaves specialised into thorns by suppression of the intermediate softer tissue in order to understand the first stage in the evolution of our hedgerow barberry. In such a case, the secondary leaves, being now amply protected, need waste no material on prickles for themselves.

The barberry has many original tricks which stern considerations of space alone prevent me from enumerating. One among them, however, I really must mention; the stamens of the pretty yellow flowers are sensitive, and move automatically. While at rest they lie lolling in the curved hollow of the petals, but the moment an insect's proboscis touches a gland at the base of their stalks, up they jump in response to the stimulation and embrace him, at the same time covering him with their sticky pollen. You can imitate this action artificially for yourself by tickling the base of the stamens with a pin or a grass-stem, when you will see the stamen bend forward and upward at once to clasp and dust over the intrusive object. This is one of the prettiest devices I know for ensuring cross-fertilisation.

LORD WILLIAM BERESFORD'S MARRIAGE.

There are not so many weddings between "fair women and brave men" that one can afford to pass by the nuptials of Lilian, Duchess of Marlborough, and Lord William Beresford. The bride is well known and esteemed in London society as the widow of the eighth Duke of Marlborough. The bridegroom is a brother of the Marquis of Waterford and of Lord Charles Beresford, and has attained great popularity in India, where he served as military secretary to two or three Governors-General. Lilian, Duchess of Marlborough, is a daughter of the late Commodore Cicero Price, of the U.S. Navy. She married Mr. Hammersley, an American gentleman, whose enormous estates devolved upon her when he died. In 1888 she became the wife of the Duke of Marlborough, who died four years later. She has lately lived for the most part at Deepdene, a charming estate at Dorking, connected with the Hope family. Lord William Beresford won the Victoria Cross, and in undaunted courage he resembles other members of his family.



Photo by Russell and Sons.

LILIAN, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

go and say so. The bigger the mistake the harder it is to acknowledge it, and the more courage it needs. Don't you think so, Mrs. Bowring?"

"The mistake of all mistakes is a mistake in marriage," said the elder woman, looking away. "There is no remedy for that but death."

LITERATURE.

DR. GARDINER'S LATEST VOLUME.

BY C. H. FRITH.

History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate, 1649-1660. Vol. I. 1649-1651. By S. R. Gardiner, LL.D. (London: Longmans.)—With the history of the Commonwealth Mr. Gardiner begins a new period in his great work. Hitherto he has recounted the events which led to the fall of the strong monarchy which the Tudors had bequeathed to the Stuarts. Henceforth he has to relate the attempts of the men who overthrew the monarchy to construct a new government in its place, and to establish on English soil what they loved to call "a free state." The difficulty of the Republicans lay in the fact that their power was founded by the sword, and could only be maintained by the sword. The Government which they had set up after the execution of Charles I. was essentially a stop-gap. Theoretically, the little remnant of the House of Commons was, as it had solemnly declared, "the supreme power in this nation." But practically everyone knew that it had no real claim to represent the people, and ruled simply by the grace of the army. Whole counties were no longer represented either by knights or burgesses; of the members for London one only still sat in the House, and three were all that were left of the representatives of Wales. Fifty members made up a good House, and a hundred and twenty was a record attendance. Both Parliament and army promised a dissolution and the summoning of a more representative assembly, but the moment to be chosen for the experiment was not easy to select. Time after time the question was postponed. It was not simply that the Republican leaders wished to keep power in their own hands, but they knew that their Government was unpopular from the beginning, and that they had not succeeded in conciliating anybody. "I wonder much," Bradshaw was reported to have said in April 1650, "that, all the fair or foul means we can use, yet not any one Cavalier is heartily converted to us." It was not till after Cromwell's victories at Dunbar and Worcester that success began to multiply converts, or that the Long Parliament could be persuaded to fix a date for its own dissolution. Its hesitation to do so, its postponement of the date, and its incapacity to carry out the sweeping social and legal reforms which the army demanded, had produced the "little rift" between the military and the civil Republicans which ended in the breach of 1653. But though Bradshaw and the men who governed in the name of the English Republic failed to establish their ideal Government on a more lasting foundation than military force, they were not unworthy to govern a great nation. Mr. Gardiner quotes a dispatch from one of Mazarin's agents in England which shows the impression they made on an unbiassed observer. "Not only," he writes, "are they powerful by sea and land; but they live without ostentation, without pomp, without emulation of one another. They are sparing in their private expenses, and prodigal in their devotion to public affairs, for which each one toils as if for his private interests. They handle large sums of money, which they administer honestly, observing a severe discipline. They reward well, and punish severely."

More interesting to most readers than Mr. Gardiner's explanation of the failure of the Republican experiment are the pages which he devotes to Cromwell's conquest of Ireland and Scotland. The conflict between the King and the Commons for supremacy at Westminster had widened out into a conflict for the supremacy of England in the British Isles. The Royalists appealed to Scottish and Irish arms to restore the Stuarts to the throne of England, and it was inevitable that the independence of the English nation should be asserted. If in the process of asserting it the independence of Scotland and Ireland disappeared altogether, it was the natural result of their unnecessary interference in the domestic affairs of another nation. Cromwell expressed the national feeling very truly when he said that he would rather be conquered by a Cavalier than a Scot, and rather by a Scot than an Irishman. In the case of the Irish race hatred and religious animosity reinforced the aversion to foreign interference in English politics, and they felt the full weight of Cromwell's sword, while he treated the Scots with lenity and conciliation. Mr. Gardiner's view of Cromwell's Irish policy differs in every point from that taken by Carlyle. Carlyle regards Cromwell's massacre of the garrisons of Drogheda and Wexford as necessary acts of severity, to be termed "surgery and justice," and not "atrocious murder merely." Mr. Gardiner calls the slaughter at Drogheda a "deed of horror," and denies the validity of the arguments by which its author sought to justify it. Carlyle regards Cromwell's answer to the declaration of the Irish clergy as an irrefutable apology for Cromwell's policy. Mr. Gardiner considers

it a conclusive proof of Cromwell's ignorance of Irish history. According to Carlyle, Cromwell's Irish policy marked a new departure in Irish history, and had it not been interrupted by the ever-blessed Restoration, it would for ever have solved the Irish difficulty. According to Mr. Gardiner, it was simply a repetition of the old policy of Strafford. "to subordinate every other consideration in the government of Ireland to the work of upholding the 'English interest' and making Protestant English colonists supreme in that country." In the end, Cromwell's policy "served to inflame, and not to extinguish the distractions of Ireland."

The conception which gives unity to Mr. Gardiner's account of these three years is that in politics military force can produce negative results only. Cromwell and his army could remove obstacles to peace—whether the obstacle was Charles I. or his Scottish and Irish allies—but they could do no more. They could not permanently establish a Puritan Republic in England, because the traditions and feelings of three-quarters of the nation were opposed to it. They could not found peace and order in Ireland, because their plan of settlement left out of count altogether the needs and the rights of the ancient inhabitants of that country.

TURNER'S "SEINE AND LOIRE."

The Seine and the Loire. Illustrated after drawings by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. With introduction and descriptions by M. B. Huish, LL.B. (J. S. Virtue and Co.)—



MR. G. E. ARMSTRONG.



MR. H. W. MASSINGHAM

Photo by Russell.

MR. WILLIAM ALGERNON LOCKER, who now becomes editor of the *Morning Post*, is the second son of Mr. Arthur Locker, whose connection with the *Graphic* is well known. He was educated at Charterhouse, and at Merton College, Oxford, graduating B.A. in 1883. After being on the *Globe* for three years, he became assistant editor of the *Graphic* in 1883, but subsequently rejoined the *Globe*.

MR. HENRY WILLIAM MASSINGHAM, editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, was born at Norwich. He joined the *Eastern Daily Press*, and subsequently became connected with the National Press Agency.



MR. W. A. LOCKER.

Photo by Lafayette.

When the *Star* first twinkled in London, Mr. Massingham was its assistant editor, afterwards becoming editor, until his resignation in 1890. He next assisted Mr. A. E. Fletcher on the *Daily Chronicle*, writing the daily Parliamentary article with unvarying interest. A capital account of London newspapers from his pen appeared in the *Leisure Hour*.

MR. GEORGE ELLIOT ARMSTRONG, the new editor of the *Globe*, is the eldest son of Sir George Armstrong, Bart. He was for twelve years in the Royal Navy, attaining the rank of lieutenant. He is twenty-nine years old.

NEW EDITORS OF LONDON DAILY PAPERS.

This is a new edition of a work which has already obtained a wide popularity, and, as the engravings on steel show no signs of wear, the present issue is as valuable to students of Turner's work as the original. These engravings—upwards of sixty in number—appeared in three volumes known as "Turner's Annual Tours," 1833-35, and belonged to the period when "keepsake" volumes were much in vogue. Turner was accompanied on his three journeys by Leitch Ritchie, afterwards editor of *Chambers's Journal*. The first was up the Seine on foot to Rouen, and back by the opposite bank of the river to Honfleur; on the second they started from Rouen and made their way as far up the river as Troyes; on the third they again made their way by land up to Paris, and thence got across to Orleans, whence Turner followed the Loire as far as Nantes, Ritchie leaving him at Rennes. It was one of the happy accidents of art that Turner found among his contemporaries a school of landscape line engravers competent not only to do justice to, but in many cases to interpret, his subtle and often fanciful treatment of nature. Brandard, Miller, Willmore, Cousen, and Wallis are a few among those who devoted themselves to this task; and, as Mr. Hamerton said, the best renderings of Turner reach the high-water mark of landscape engraving, which will never be surpassed in its way. The descriptions appended to each view are written in a scholarly and appreciative spirit. As a guide to two of the most picturesque rivers in France, the notes are invaluable; while Turner's renderings of the different spots of interest may be taken as helps to see the beauties of nature and architecture which might pass unperceived by less thoroughly artistic natures,

another two years, in order that they may print a collection of Browning's letters and publish a bibliography. During these two years it does not propose to hold any meetings, but simply to confine itself to publication work. The honorary secretary of the re-formed society is Mr. Thomas Wise, of 52, Ashley Road, Crouch Hill, London, N.

The New York *Critic* declares that "Mr. Astor has won distinction as the first man to discontinue the publication of a successful paper." This view of the decease of the *Pall Mall Budget* is merely a reflection of what has been stated in certain English journals, and is entirely erroneous. The *Pall Mall Budget* never approached within sight of success under its late proprietor; its circulation was only about seventeen thousand, and I should not be surprised to hear that Mr. Astor lost ten thousand a year over it. Why a capitalist may not discontinue the luxury of losing ten thousand a year without exciting unfriendly comment, it is not easy to understand.

I am reading Mr. Thomas Hardy's new story in *Harper's Magazine* with ever-increasing interest. There are no exciting situations as in "Tess," but there are many of the delightful touches which endeared Mr. Hardy to many of us long before "Tess" was published. There is a story, probably founded on fact, of a studious artisan who applied to the Provost of a College to attempt to secure facilities for learning, and received a curt reply; upon which he wrote upon the college door in chalk: "I have understanding as well as you; I am not inferior to you; yea, who knoweth not such things as these?"—Job xii. 3. C. K. S.

A LITERARY LETTER.

On May 18 Sir Wemyss Reid will open the Brontë Museum at Haworth, when a very interesting collection of personal relics and manuscripts will be exhibited. Mr. George Smith has lent the original manuscript of two of the Brontë novels—"Shirley" and "Villette"—and he has also lent a copy of Mr. W. B. Richmond's portrait of Charlotte Brontë.

The original portrait of Charlotte Brontë hangs in Mr. W. B. Nicholls' house in Ireland, but it was sent to London in order that Mr. Smith might have a copy of it made by Mr. Bright-Morris. Mr. Nicholls, I understand, proposes to bequeath the picture to the National Portrait Gallery.

The *Athenæum* tells how at a recent meeting at Cork, under the auspices of the Gaelic League, to promote the cultivation of the Irish language, a resolution was passed by Father O'Leary to the effect "that to possess a language such as ours, and not to prize it, is a disgrace both to the individual and to the community." However that may be, it is certain that a great deal of good is being done in Ireland just now by a few enthusiasts for the Gaelic language. I was very much struck in a recent tour through Kerry and Cork County at the immense interest which the very poorest people took in the equivalents of English words in the Gaelic tongue. The capacity for dealing with two languages is obviously a greater stimulus to the intelligence than anything which the peasant of Norfolk or Suffolk can boast. Professor Max Müller has often insisted that he who knows only one language knows none, and this is a side of the question which has not been sufficiently borne in mind.

Messrs. H. S. Nichols, of Soho Square, are to be congratulated upon their enterprise. They are following up their delightful series of French Memoirs by a complete translation of the romances of Victor Hugo. We almost wonder whether French is becoming a declining language among us when we see one firm promising a complete edition of Balzac, and another a complete edition of Victor Hugo. It might have been thought that there was no public which did not prefer to read these books in the original, although so good a scholar as Buckle declared that he never read a book in the original French when he could get a translation. In this edition of Victor Hugo the romances extend to twenty-eight volumes and the dramas to ten volumes, and from the prospectus I judge that they will be produced with a singular elaboration of beautiful illustrations and good paper.

Literary societies do not as a rule appear to be very strong on their financial side—perhaps another proof that the literary and the commercial faculty rarely go together. The Shelley Society landed its committee in several hundred pounds of debt; the New Shakspeare Society, I believe, was even more unfortunate; and now I receive a prospectus from the Browning Society which conveys the startling intelligence that its "affairs have been arranged and the heavy debt, which during the last few years has completely checked its activity, has been paid." The Browning Society, the prospectus further informs me, proposes to continue its work for

AMERICANISMS IN GREEK.

BY ANDREW LANG.

That Americans should take a few tender liberties with our common language is only natural, and, indeed, inevitable. But I would respectfully ask whether they have an equal right to take liberties with Greek? That speech is not so dead as its enemies imagine, for in America it develops forms of a different, and perhaps a lower, life. A familiar example is the case of the Rev. Joseph Cook, who (if I am not mistaken) derived *Bathybius* from "*bathus*, deep, and *bios*, the sea." Now, *bios* did not mean the sea, in Greek, and perhaps even Mr. Cook does not think that biology means "the science of the sea."

A more interesting and modern example of Americanisms in Greek presents itself in *Scribner's Magazine* for February. Mr. Charles Dana, M.D., writes therein about "Giants and Giantism." He himself knew a Peruvian giant who was "a victim of a peculiar disease known as 'acromegaly' (*ακρον*, extremely; *μεγαλος*, great)." Persons who have this disease exhibit large heads, hands, feet, and chests. I leave Mr. Dana's Greek as I find it, without aspirates or accents, in all its massive democratic freedom. It is a bonny sight! First, we learn, "*ακρον*" means "extremely." This is odd, because *ακρον* is not an adverb, but a noun (in this instance), meaning "extremity," or, in geography, "headland" or "promontory." In a work about Anglo-Israel intended to prove that the English are the descendants of the Lost Tribes, the learned author averred that *Jeronakron* was Phœnician for "the Sacred Headland." He had probably seen the words *Hieron akron* in Greek (not in Phœnician!), had dropped the aspirate, turned *I* into *J*, and had taken two Greek words for one Phœnician word, *Jeronakron*. Mr. Charles Dana is nearly as unfortunate when he construes *ακρον* as an adverb, meaning "extremely." His luck is peculiarly bad, because, even on his own showing, the disease of "acromegaly" does not consist in being "extremely big," but in having big extremities—head, hands, and feet, the chest being generously thrown in, though it can hardly be called an "extremity." Mr. Dana distinguishes "acromegaly" from "giantism": a man may be a giant, and may also suffer from "acromegaly," and I presume that he may suffer from "acromegaly" without being a giant. "I saw at once that he" (the unhappy Peruvian) "was not only a giant but a victim of a peculiar disease known as 'acromegaly' (*ακρον*, extremely; *μεγαλος*, great)." Of course this statement literally means that the Peruvian was not only extremely big (six feet nine) but also that he suffered from the disease of being extremely big. The true disease was that of having "enormous feet, hands, and head"; in fact, enormous extremities, as the Greek word denotes, if "acromegaly" really denotes anything at all.

Perhaps we might regard the rendering of *ακρον* by "extremely" as a mere misprint for "extremity" if Mr. Dana did not take the further liberty of inventing a Greek word "*μεγαλος*," and assuring the innocent citizens of America that "*μεγαλος*" means "great." The term "*μεγαλος*," "great," is a Greek Americanism. It does not exist in European Greek: it is a freak or sport of the Hellenic language casting its mighty limbs abroad in the free Transatlantic air. The Greek word for "great" is the rather irregular adjective *μεγας* (*megas*, *megale*, *mega*), which the schoolboy declined as *megas*, *megaina*, *megan*. Mr. Dana may have heard of "Megalopolis," "the great city." He may also have heard of an extinct animal, "extremely big," called a megatherium. It is not named a megalotherium, as it would be if "*μεγαλος*" were the Greek word for "great." There is a bird called (in French at least) a megapode (from *μεγας*, great, and *πους*, the foot). On Mr. Dana's system, the megapode should surely be called the megalopode, like the ladies of a German University town. Indeed, there is a French word *megalanthropogénésie*, for the meaning of which the Dictionary may be consulted. But even *this* is derived by the said Dictionary (Bouillet's) from *μεγας*, *ανθρωπος*, and *γένεσις*, not from Mr. Dana's word "*μεγαλος*."

The proof-reader in an English printing office is usually able to look after this kind of blunder, and, seriously, the public which permits and passes such liberties with a respectable dead language must be very indifferent, on the whole, to classical studies. The old physicians used to read Galen and Hippocrates, and other classical authors to whom Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was attached. Perhaps there is not very much scientific knowledge to be gained from the classic founders of the medical art, and, were it otherwise, their books may be read in translations. There is no reason, it may be, why a physician should know Greek any more than a stoker; the "learned profession" need not be philologically learned. You can administer a drug or cut off a leg without being more skilled in etymology than was Mr. Squeers. But, in that case, why meddle with Greek? "*Avec du grec, on ne peut gâter rien*," says the learned lady in Molière, but she takes it for granted that the Greek is genuine. Scientific men are seldom classical scholars: their arduous profession occupies the whole of their limited time; but they retain with unconscious conservatism the habit of constructing, or trying to construct, a terminology out of ancient Greek. This was all very well while Greek was part of a learned education,

but now that Greek has ceased to be familiar to the scientific they should do one of two things. They should use a vernacular terminology, and, for example, style a man suffering from "acromegaly" a "big-endian." Swift's word for the political party in Lilliput or Blefuscu would be extremely pat, and an acromegalous or acromegalic patient could be called a "Bigendian" to the general satisfaction.

The other plan would be for men of science to fee some poor scholar (as advertisers do) to make long learned words for them. *Rhypphagon* is a very good word, but the "scientist" must be careful not to give its etymology (or any other etymology) unless he really knows. Like prophecy, etymology requires previous knowledge. The showman, exhibiting his hippopotamus, said that the name was derived "from the Greek *hippos*, a river, and *potamos*, a horse." This gave rise to some mirth at a time when useless Greek was still compulsory, and had not been banished from the Higher Education. Greek is compulsory no longer, so one marvels that scientific characters do not leave it strictly alone. They are always squabbling about *Panmixia*—whatever that may be. Now, there can be no such word as *Panmixia*; it is *Pammixia*, if anything. There is no harm in not knowing Greek, but when men of science are ignorant of it, they might cry, like Clough's Piper—

Slumber in Liddell and Scott, oh
Musical chaff of old Athens—

might let Greek sleep sound and not awaken it in odd distorted forms of awe, for which a schoolboy would suffer severely.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The *Guardian* urges Churchmen to support Mr. Chamberlain. It says that Mr. Chamberlain's note for the second reading of Mr. Asquith's Bill is merely academical, and counts for nothing, and that Mr. Chamberlain, by his efforts to win a Unionist majority at the next election, is discouraging the agitation for Disestablishment in the most effectual way possible. "It is the duty of every Churchman in West Birmingham to work his hardest for Mr. Chamberlain. He is an advocate of Disestablishment as an abstract principle, but he is the worst enemy of Disestablishment as a concrete fact."

The Bishop of Cork and his coachman, who were bitten by a mad dog and were subjected to treatment at the Pasteur Institute in Paris, have returned to Cork none the worse for their experience.

The Dean of Lichfield, Dr. Luckcock, has returned from the Riviera in good health, and able to resume his duties.

The Church Missionary Society shows a small deficit for the year of something like £2000; but this is understood to be little more than a paper deficit due to the altered system of dealing with appropriated contributions. The total receipts for the year are by far the best on record, except only in two years which were marked by special gifts. The ordinary contributions are more than £20,000 in excess of those of any previous year.

The Vicar of Christ Church, Doncaster, the Rev. E. Lee, referred at a recent meeting to the memorial to the Archbishop of York and his Grace's reply. He said it might be true that some forty or fifty persons had left the Church, but some hundreds had been attracted to it. In the Church of England there was a maximum amount of ceremony and a minimum allowed. The maximum was what was practised at Christ Church. Those who were allowed minimum did not wish to allow others to practise to the full extent what was acknowledged not only in Doncaster, but throughout England.

Archdeacon Wilson gave an address the other Sunday evening at a service of the Labour Church. He said that the Labour movement had greater significance to-day than at any former time. If the Church had in the past inculcated the religion of worship to the exclusion of the religion of social service and love, it was wakening up to it, perhaps more than some of them thought. And this was mainly due to the teaching of Socialists such as themselves. Never in past history were times more hopeful, because never were men so conscious of the great possibilities open to them.

Preaching at the consecration of the Bishop of Stepney, Mr. Winnington Ingram said that Secularism was played out as a force, the giant was dead. Ask any crowd of men in any park to hold up their hands if they believe in a God, and nine in ten, and often ninety-nine in a hundred will do so. Visit a great hospital for six years in a ward holding fifty beds, and you will be able to count on the fingers of your hands the atheists. Mr. Ingram, however, admitted that universally throughout the country the vast majority of working men went neither to church nor chapel, but it had to be remembered that they were dealing with a population, not as some seemed to think, which had lost the habit of church-going, but which never had it.

The Wesleyan Methodist statistics for the year are published, and show there has been an increase in membership of about five thousand. This is above the average of recent years, and is regarded as encouraging. The increase is spread over the whole country, comparatively few districts showing a decrease.

The meetings of the Baptist Union passed over very quietly. The president, the Rev. J. G. Greenhough, delivered a scathing attack on Socialism, which seemed to be relished by the majority of the ministers present. It was resolved to prepare a reply to the Pope's address to the people of England, and steps are being taken for the establishment of a sustentation fund in connection with the Baptist denomination.

Canon Cheyne has published his "Introduction to the Book of Isaiah." It shows a further advance in the views of criticism associated with Dr. Cheyne's name, the analysis being carried much further than in his previous works.

THE NEW GALLERY.

The exhibition of this year is one of surprises, and in a lesser degree of disappointments; and its chief novelty is the incursion of so many artists into the special domains of their *confrères*. Another distinctive feature is the growing influence of the "Burne-Jones" school of art, revealing the terrible pitfalls which await unwary adventurers who are not possessed of the magic password. To begin with, Sir E. Burne-Jones has himself left his ordinary ways in his portrait of Dorothy Drew (109), a charming creation, full of archness and *espièglerie*, but endowed with a complexion which would fill the maternal mind with solicitude. It is hard enough to have to submit for art's sake to the feeling of depression which pervades the "Wedding of Psyche" (163), a melancholy function which overwhelms like the bride and her string of graceful attendants; but there is no special reason that one can discover why Lady Windsor (119) should be handed down to posterity in such austere garb and downcast demeanour. This artist's other two pictures, "The Sleeping Beauty" (106) and "The Fall of Lucifer" (135), more adequately represent the true limits of his art. The former, which is an early design for the same subject in the Briar Rose Series, is more delicately and brightly coloured than in the completed set; its composition is simpler, and the general effect more satisfactory. In "The Fall of Lucifer" Sir E. Burne-Jones has had to deal with a more difficult subject, and if he has not fully succeeded, he has, at all events, done much to produce a fine effect. The baffled hosts are slowly winding their way downwards, still clad in their shining armour, still bearing themselves as angels, although fallen; each in his inmost heart holds—

The unconquerable will
And study of revenge; immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield.

If the artist has failed to reflect these passions in the face of the defeated angels, he has at least done much to give a sense of grandeur and sublimity to his conception. Sir John Millais' work shows painfully the effects of the illness through which he has been passing, and this is especially to be seen in the "Empty Cage" (146), a child-subject in which he formerly would have displayed his matchless qualities as a painter. In the present case the child's face is meaningless, the work hard and unsympathetic. It is even more to be regretted that he should have followed Mr. Watts into the domain of allegory, for "Time the Reaper" (131) is a meagre and conventional treatment of a hackneyed idea. Sir John Millais spares us nothing of the well-worn details—the tottering limbs, the keen scythe, the spent sand-glass, even the crevice of the door ajar, through which the last gleams of a setting sun are suggested. Mr. Alma-Tadema is, on the other hand, as vigorous as ever; and for those to whom "Love's Jewelled Fetter" (73) may seem a slight variation of an old theme, there are two sets of family portraits which show that the artist is as much at home in the modern as in the ancient world. Mr. W. Llewellyn and Mr. Ridley Corbet are another pair who seem for the time to have exchanged palettes, for the former contributes a charming landscape, "Homeward to the Fold" (15), and the latter one of the most successful lady-portraits in the exhibition—that of Lady Morpeth (185). Although Mr. John R. Reid's of Mrs. Sanderson (162), and Mr. J. J. Shannon's of Mrs. Charles Palmer, have brilliant qualities, they are wanting in the reticence and refinement which characterise Mr. Corbet's simpler work. Mr. Sargent's aggressiveness has seldom been seen to better or worse advantage (according to taste) than in his rendering of Miss Ada Rehan (199), which is a faithful likeness of that lady off the stage, but can scarcely be regarded as pleasing. Mr. G. F. Watts finds in the contemplative face of the Rev. Alfred Gurney (246) his best inspiration of the year, although everyone will admire the grace and ease with which he treats the fair face of Mrs. Colman Rogers (254). On the other hand, his allegorical picture, "Charity" (250), is almost as conventional as his brother-Academician's treatment of a more lugubrious subject, but, as in everything by Mr. Watts, there is a charm in the grouping of the three children round the knees of the Madonna. A picture by Mr. Holman Hunt is rarely to be found in our exhibitions; and consequently his portrait of his daughter Gladys (194) will excite admiration or derision, according as the visitor is a devotee of the particular school of which the artist is almost, if not quite, the sole survivor. Of late years we have come to more elementary ideas as to flesh tones than Mr. Holman Hunt retains; but his picture, notwithstanding its exaggerations, has many valuable qualities. It is interesting, too, to contrast his method of work with that of Mr. Frank Brangwyn, one of the new school, and to imagine how the pre-Raphaelites would have treated "St. Simeon Stylites" (271) as he is here represented—

From scalp to sole one slough and crust of sin

awaiting the coming of the coarse overfed priest who is bringing the sacrament to the saint in his airy home. There is a fine touch of human pathos about the scene and in the way in which the dying man's eyes are fixed upon the distant mountains, whose peaks are red with the setting sun, while the town which lies beneath him is buried in gloom. The Hon. John Collier has gone to Browning for his subject, and finds it in "The Laboratory" (238), a dexterously painted and effective picture.

PICTURES FROM THE NEW GALLERY.

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THE REV. ALFRED GURNEY.—G. F. WATTS, R.A.



MRS. CHARLES COLTMAN ROGERS.—G. F. WATTS, R.A.



ENGLAND'S EMBLEM.—WALTER CRANE.



RUTH, DAUGHTER OF CARMICHAEL THOMAS, ESQ.—S. MELTON FISHER.



WREATHS AND SMILES.—MISS BLANCHE JENKINS.



CHARITY.—G. F. WATTS, R.A.



SELECTION BY REFLECTION: THE COTILLON.—J. HAYNES-WILLIAMS.



ERIN.—C. F. HALLÉ.



A RACE: MERMAIDS AND TRITONS.—C. SMITHERS.



TIME, THE REAPER.—SIR JOHN E. MILLAIS, BART., R.A.



HER FIRST OFFERING.—HERBERT SCHMALZ.
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THE BEAR FESTIVAL AND MAIDENS' OFFERING TO ARTEMIS.—CLAUDIUS HARPER.



THE LABORATORY.—THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.



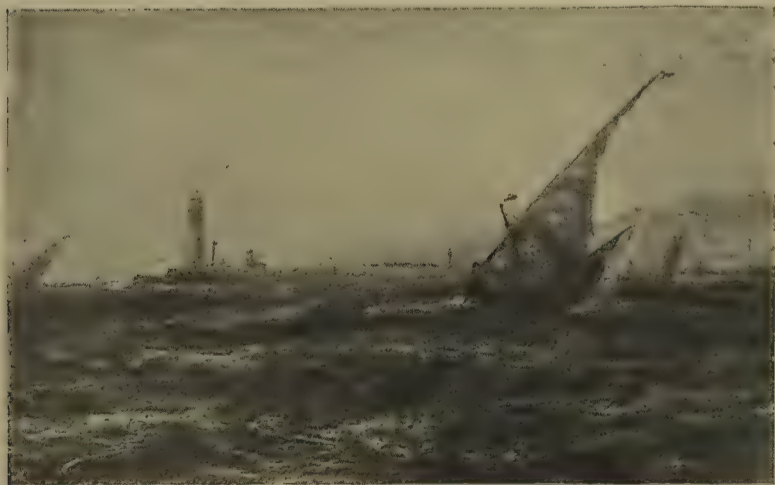
A SOMERSET PASTORAL.—L. LESLIE BROOKE.



POTATO HARVEST, MALVERN HILLS.—JOHN PARKER.



FONTE NOMENTANA.—MISS MARIE S. STILLMAN.



ENTRANCE TO TARIFA, COAST OF SPAIN.—EDWIN HAYES.



PERSEPHONE AND PSYCHE IN THE SHADES.—W. B. RICHMOND, A.R.A.



MERLIN AND VIVIAN.—MRS. KATE G. HASTINGS.



O Swallow, flying from the golden woods,
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her mine,
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee.—TENNYSON.

J. M. STRUDWICK.



LITTLE BLUE RIDING HOOD.—MISS BLANCHIE JENKINS.



A CHILD'S HEAD.—PHILIP BURNET-JONES.



THE EMPTY CAGE.—SIR JOHN E. MILLAIS, BART., R.A.



PROSPERO: Come on, we'll visit Caliban, my
Slave, who never yields us kind answer. | MIRANDA: 'Tis a villain, Sir,
I do not care to look on.—*The Tempest*, Act 1, Sc. 2.
A. FOORD HUGHES.



DORNOCH.—A. J. RYLE.



EVENSONG.—J. T. NETTLESHIP.



LORD OF THE CITY.—HARRY DIXON.



THE PIGEONS' RESORT: VARENNA, LAKE OF COMO.
C. T. G. FORMILI.



TRISTE.—WALTER McLAREN.



TRANQUILLITY: VARENNA, LAKE OF COMO.
C. T. G. FORMILI.

THE CHITRAL EXPEDITION.

EXCURSION TO PUDJA MOUNTAIN AND KASHMIR SMATS CAVE.

BY GENERAL SIR MICHAEL BIDDULPH, K.C.B.

Some years ago, after a period of constant staff duties, I found myself, in search of relaxation and adventure, wandering through Yusufzai, attracted by the stately and graceful forms of Pudja Mountain, of which I only knew that it rose up on the immediate borders of Bunér and Swat. My secret purpose was to reach and ascend Pudja, an illustration of which appeared in our last issue.

En route, I camped for a night or two on the glacis of the Hoti-Murdan fort. The hospitality of the Corps of Guides soon made itself felt. I must dine at mess. My camp must have a guard. Had I any escort? We are responsible for your safety. If you go on to the frontier, you must be properly taken care of. Eventually matters were arranged. I was to be escorted by a couple of Guide sowars, who were to do watch and guard, and put me on good terms with lumbadars and village chiefs.

I should like to dwell on the charm it was to me to find myself in the midst of the remains of the Buddhist monasteries and settlements I met with. I passed Takht-i-Bahi, Jumalgheri, Sawalderi, in which places recent explorations had revealed most interesting sculptures. Just then there was rather a furore for excavation—an engineer officer was superintending operations, and I thought I might do a little private business in the same way; so it was arranged that I should make a forced march to Kirkhee within the Swat border. A message from my guides secured the co-operation of the village chiefs, and, assisted by a gang of workmen, I spent a long day in a delightful exploration, now and then looking up at Pudja, which rose in formidable grandeur 5000 ft. above the plains we had been moving over. My explorations were rewarded by finding some interesting specimens of sculpture. Among these was a small head of Buddha, in which I like to trace the descent of Greek art to the age of this Buddhist civilisation.

In this way I approached Pudja, always meditating how to manage my excursion up the mountain. One evening, being encamped at Babuzai, immediately on the frontier and almost at the foot of Pudja, I broached the subject to



MUSJID IN THE SERAI, CHITRAL: THE MOUNTAIN TRICHMIR IN THE DISTANCE.

my guides and to the lumbadar of the village. After considerable hesitation plans were arranged. I was to sleep out in bivouac one night, no Hindustanee servant was to accompany us, and we were to start secretly that night. The expedition was professed to be in search of Markhoor. Preceded by the Jowans of Babuzai, young men fully armed, we started at midnight. After marching some distance over the plain we made our way up the gorge into the fastnesses of the mountain, and daylight found us on the flank of Pudja itself. A climb of five thousand feet is no trifle,

and I found the task a severe one after the sedentary life at Simla on the staff. We moved with all due precautions. These border villagers naturally understand all the arts of war, so, quite effectively guarded, we reached the summit, and there what a view all around! Back over the Yusufzai and Peshawur plains we could see where lay the Kaibar Pass, and then where stood Peshawur, Nowshera, and Attock on the great historical road down to India. Before us we had pointed out, close at hand, the passes into Swat, which, by-the-by, our columns have just traversed; also,

From Hoti-Murdan

To Malakand Pass.



In the distance are the plains over which Sir Robert Low's columns marched to the Malakand Pass.

VIEW AT MOUTH OF KASHMIR SMATS CAVE, IN THE GORGE OF PUDJA MOUNTAIN, YUSUFZAI.

Drawn by General Sir Michael Biddulph, K.C.B.

where at our feet lay the little plain of Bunér. How interesting to watch the people at their daily avocations! These were the tribesmen who were the most vigorous of the combined clans against us in the Umbéla Campaign. However, my survey over, we had a long trudge down the steep mountain-side to our bivouac in the Cave of Kasmir Smats. In the morning I explored the recesses of this great cavern and found considerable Buddhist remains half-smothered in a fine dust and débris. There was a handsome flight of steps with balustrades, and traces of buildings here and there, which, had these not been knocked over by the Mussulman invaders, might have been intact now. At the far end was a domed cavern lighted by an aperture, and rising against the light a miniature temple, well chiselled and in excellent preservation. Pigeons were coming and going in the lofty dome of the cave. There were no tools or facilities for exploration, and, indeed, no leisure; so, as the men of Babuzai were anxious to get me back to my camp in safety, I had to give up further examination of this most interesting and rarely reached place. At the mouth of the cave, just above the gorge we had traversed in the dark, we had now full view of the plateaux and retaining walls of an extensive Buddhist settlement. Strewn about were coping-stones

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

We have staying within our gates a little girl of nearly fifteen who in a short while will become the object of much attention on the part of the sovereigns and diplomatists of Europe. I am alluding to Wilhelmina Helena of Orange, the infant Queen of the Netherlands, an "enfant du miracle" in a much wider sense of the word than was the late Comte de Chambord, to whom the name was applied before his birth by the French Royalists when his father fell by the knife of Louvel. For Queen Wilhelmina is the offspring of a marriage contracted by her father when he was close upon sixty-two, and had lived every year of those three score over and over again.

At the time of her birth little Wilhelmina was supposed to have saved a very complicated European situation. Personally, I am of opinion that the complication was only postponed, and that by the time she attains a marriageable age it will reappear, and present itself in the difficulty of selecting a consort for her. That consort

and least of all Holland herself. Hence, the early career of the young Queen who has come to visit us threatens to be beset with difficulties—difficulties different from those that beset the careers of her paternal grandmother and her father's first wife, but difficulties for all that. Anna Paulowna and Sophia of Würtemberg had not a good time of it with their husbands; and if Queen Emma, Wilhelmina's mother and the sister of the widowed Duchess of Albany, was not quite so unfortunate in her conjugal relations as her two immediate predecessors, it was simply because William III. of Holland could not longer be a bad husband without becoming at the same time a bad king.

And bad kings the last two male sovereigns of Holland never were. William II., who thrashed his wife like a coalheaver, had the good of his country at heart. William III., who refused his wife the necessities due to her station, reduced his Civil List, and showed himself the father of his people in times of need. It would have been well if he had shown himself an equally good father to his own son, the notorious Prince of Orange, who during the latter years of the Second Empire and the beginning of the Third Republic made Paris ring with his escapades, but

Captain Hodson.

Lieut. Lockhart.

Captain Adams.



Captain Younghusband.

Captain Egerton.

Captain Drew.

Lieut.-Col. F. D. Battye.

Surgeon-Captain Macnab.

GROUP OF OFFICERS OF THE QUEEN'S OWN CORPS OF GUIDES ENGAGED IN THE CHITRAL EXPEDITION.

From a Photograph supplied by Mr. Richmond Battye.

and traces of stairs. The overthrow and destruction may have been due to earthquakes, but it was evident throughout all these Buddhist settlements that the invading Mussulmans of Mahmud of Ghuznee had been the destroyers. Much of the masonry, including the great revetments, was quite solid and fresh.

I have thought it may be interesting to furnish your readers with these illustrations of places so near the line of march of our columns on the way to Chitral. In the V of the gorge, in the second sketch, may be seen the very track of our columns to the Malakand Pass.

No doubt our relations with the border tribes after the present operations are over will become less strained. The civilising effect of the road and the come and go of trade will be felt, and the future explorer of Kasmir Smats will not need to make his visit there so hasty or so mysterious an affair as mine was.

The "Steinway Saturdays" of Mr. Clifford Harrison, at Steinway Hall, Lower Seymour Street, have recommenced. The first recital was unusually delightful. Mr. Harrison gave "A Legend of Provence" to pianoforte accompaniment, Olive Schreiner's "The Hunter," Jerome K. Jerome's "A Charming Woman," and F. Anstey's "Show Sunday," with all that restrained power which denotes genius. The gem of the recital was Mr. Harrison's own poem, "The Song that has no Sound."

must decidedly be a Protestant prince. Holland has suffered too much in the past from Catholic persecution ever to risk the union of her sovereign with a member of that faith. Consequently the choice will be practically limited to German, Danish, Swedish, or English princes. An English, Danish, or Swedish prince—provided there be one—would probably be objected to by the German Emperor, for Holland, though small, would be a priceless possession in virtue of her seaboard in the event of a European war. A German prince, and especially a mediatised one, would as strenuously be objected to by France, not to say by Holland herself, for her statesmen are not likely to overlook the fact that the Kings of Prussia ever since the year 1702 have borne the title of "Prince of Orange," which, after all, is rightfully theirs by lineal inheritance from the Princess Louise.

She was the last heiress of the House of Orange, after the sole male heir, King William III. of England, had died without issue. She married the Great Elector, from which union sprang Frederick I., father of Frederick the Great; and it is in virtue of this and also of successive intermarriages between the Hohenzollerns and Oranges that the former hold in abeyance a claim to the Dutch throne. And though this claim might not be preferred, the German consort of the Queen of Holland might be made amenable to other influences. I repeat, France would not suffer it,

the mad blood of his (William the Third's) maternal grandfather showed itself in this particular instance. Paul I. of Russia was jealous of his son Alexander. William III. was jealous of his heir and by that jealousy virtually drove him to his ignominious career.

William II. ought never to have married Anna Paulowna, whom Napoleon I. declined as a consort after he had made up his mind to divorce Josephine. But William II. had been disappointed in his matrimonial aspirations. He wished to marry our own Princess Charlotte, who did not like him, in spite of his undoubted bravery. She made fun of his appearance, and, as a *pis-aller*, he married Nicholas the First's sister, who was undermined by an incurable disease, and undoubtedly of unsound mind, like all the descendants of Catherine the Great—mind, I do not say of Peter III. The example set to him by his father was not likely to make the future William III. a good husband, and the Prince of Orange openly said that marriage in his family was too great a failure for him to risk it.

One dare not blame him, although, as I have said, his resolution will probably have the effect of raising very serious European complications in a very few years to come. Nor is it the fault of the little girl-Queen, to whom we can only offer a hearty welcome.

OUR LEADING ACADEMICIANS, PAINTED BY THEMSELVES.

FROM PICTURES IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE.

Close by the stairs which lead from the Uffizi Gallery to the Pitti Palace are two rooms, originally built by Cardinal Leopold de' Medici to receive the portraits of distinguished artists of all countries. It was also his wish to obtain as far as possible portraits executed by the artists themselves. The successive occupants of the throne of Tuscany, now merged in the kingdom of Italy, have endeavoured, and not without success, to carry out the wishes of the pious founder of this special collection. The result is that there are now upwards of a hundred portraits, which extend from the fifteenth century. The most noteworthy of Italian painters represented by themselves are Perugino, Raphael, Titian, and Leonardo da Vinci. All the Italian schools are fairly well represented, and some of the foreign ones: the Netherlands, the Germans, the Dutch, and the French. Among the Englishmen, Sir Joshua Reynolds, like Sir Frederick Leighton, is painted in the scarlet gown of the President of the Royal Academy; and besides these our art is represented by Harlowe, Northcote, and, among living artists, by Watts, Millais, and Orchardson.



MR. GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS, R.A.

Mr. G. F. Watts was born in 1818; travelled in Italy for some time with the last Lord Holland; first exhibited at the Royal Academy 1837. His earlier works were chiefly frescoes for the Houses of Parliament and Lincoln's Inn Hall. He has painted a magnificent series of portraits of distinguished men of the reign, which it is understood he will bequeath to the nation. Recently he has chiefly devoted himself to allegorical subjects. Elected A.R.A. 1867, and full Academician in the same year.



SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, BART., P.R.A.

Sir Frederick Leighton was born at Scarborough, 1830; studied at Rome and afterwards at Berlin and Florence. His first picture exhibited at the Royal Academy, in 1855, was "Cimabue's Madonna Carried through the Streets of Florence." He has chiefly chosen his subjects from sculpture and mythology. He is also a distinguished sculptor, his "Athlete Struggling with a Python" (1877) having been purchased under the Chantrey Bequest. A.R.A., 1865; R.A., 1869; P.R.A., 1878.



MR. WILLIAM QUILLER ORCHARDSON, R.A.

Mr. W. Q. Orchardson was born in Edinburgh in 1835; educated at the Trustees' Academy at Edinburgh, where he painted portraits until 1863, when he came to London and exhibited his first picture, "An Old English Song." Painted numerous historical pictures and scenes from Shakspeare. Later he took to more domestic subjects, in which the dramatic interest was strongly predominant. Elected A.R.A. 1868, and R.A. 1877.



SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, BART., R.A.

Sir John Everett Millais was born at Southampton, 1829; spent his early years in the Channel Islands and France; obtained the medal of the Royal Academy in 1838, and two years later entered the Royal Academy schools, where he gained two silver medals. His first picture exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1846, "Pizarro Seizing the Inca of Peru," received gold medal; attached himself to the Pre-Raphaelite school for many years. A.R.A. 1853, R.A. 1864.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Among the ways that are dark and tricks that are vain which the brain occasionally exhibits and plays, none are more curious (or, for that matter of it, more important from a medico-legal point of view) than its occasional lapses from the one state of intelligence, if so I may put it, into another and entirely different state. In the latter condition no memory of the former life may be represented, and the subject becomes to all intents and purposes somebody else. A man, respectable and respected, living a quiet, ordinary life, suddenly disappears. All trace of him is lost. Two years afterwards he wakes up to find himself far from his home, having in the interval been engaged in business, and having to those associated with him presented the character of a quiet, if somewhat sombre, but industrious workman. This is only one of many such cases which science has placed on record. It is a practical illustration of the Jekyll and Hyde romance, although the transition from the philanthropist to the savage is not necessarily represented in the real case. In the instance to which I allude it is stated that the man left his house, was practically lost for two years, and then woke up. His memory began to hark back. He knew he had left home one afternoon two years previously, but all else was misty and unknown. What had happened was that he appeared in the strange district a few months before his awakening, and entered upon his work.

Many of the disappearances we read of casually in the newspapers, and whereof we take no further heed, may thus be seen to present us with a physiological basis of very interesting kind. A man for no earthly reason simply disappears, and under a new identity and personality goes to work in a strange place, as if he had wiped out, as off a slate, all his previous history. After a while he begins to recollect who and what he was; and then, as memory reasserts its sway, the patient recovers his lost status. Are we dealing here with the action of a double brain—to which topic I made allusion a few weeks ago in this column—or is it some action of a far more complex character, which has for its result the complete annihilation of individual personality? We get a little light thrown on these curious cases by the study of epilepsy, for epileptics are known to have mental interregnums of this kind now and then, wherein they lose memory and recollection more or less completely. More important is it to impress on those who have to deal with the administration of the law the fact (often ignored, I am sorry to say, by the Bench) that a man in the condition described is practically a non-responsible agent, and that crimes committed in such a state are to be judged very much on the legally merciful side. I suppose it would be impertinence in me to discuss the question of responsibility in the legal sense, but scientifically I should say it would be an outrage on justice to assume that a brain exhibiting the lapses I have noted could be placed on a level with a normal organ of mind which shows no such tendency towards aberration and eccentricity.

This topic of abnormalities in brain-action suggested naturally an allusion to R. L. Stevenson's Jekyll and Hyde romance. Science has invaded the field of the novelist to a very remarkable and—I agree with Mr. Andrew Lang in his recent remarks in this Journal—to a regrettable extent, in respect of the crude conceptions of things which many novelists exhibit in their attempts to foist on the public "tales with a purpose." So-called social problems are discussed in their scientific bearings with a plainness which even I, as the last person likely to object to pure educational movements, can only regard with aversion and contempt. I have in my mind's eye as I write an impossible story wherein the fruits of the union of demi-god and human are made the pivot around which the interest centres; and I know another romance wherein a singularly erratic study of the physiological relationship of the marriage-tie is presented to the public for delectation, if not for instruction and edification. After all, is it not high time that this flood of morbid fiction should cease to flow? The highest art of the novelist and dramatist is to amuse, to instruct (in a legitimate fashion), and to teach us the larger charity and the wider sympathy. When we find the revelations of the hospital ward and the foulness of hereditary disease boldly depicted in fiction, it is high time to protest, in the interests not only of common decency, but of all that is artistic in the craft of the literary man.

Following on the discovery of argon, the world has learned with interest of the find by Professor Ramsay of another novelty in the shape of helium, an element which hitherto has been believed to exist only in the sun. At least this new gas, obtained by him from the mineral cleveite, has been found to be associated with argon itself. The spectroscopic shows, at least, that the characters of the new element are those of helium, and one point of interest attaches to this latter body in respect of its excessive lightness. In this particular it is believed to put hydrogen itself in the shade. The mineral cleveite is acted upon by sulphuric acid, and the new gas is thus obtained. Long ago the question arose "Are the 'elements' really elementary bodies?" If researches similar to those of Lord Rayleigh and Professor Ramsay possess any bearing at all on general questions of physics, it may be that they will introduce us to new ideas regarding the constitution of matter at large.

A health officer draws attention to the danger from the spread of tuberculosis which the common childish habit of cleaning slates by moistening them with saliva may entail. Diphtheria might almost be transmitted thuswise, if a child employed the slate previously used by a convalescent from the disease. The slates should be cleaned by aid of sponges or cloths and water, and each child, it is suggested, should have its own slate. Any precautions which may tend to prevent the spread of infectious diseases are to be most warmly commended, and the school naturally is one of the first places for consideration in this matter.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

C E P (Kensington).—The holidays, which compelled us to go to press earlier than usual, must be held responsible for your grievance.

C A French.—There is no advantage; but it is the correct method of continuing the attack.

O H LABONE.—Problem received, and shall be reported upon later.

W T PIERCE.—We trust to find the amended positions all right.

CHEVALIER DESANGES.—1. Kt takes Q Kt P demands attention.

Dr P STEINGASS.—1. Kt to K B 4th, or 1. R at K Kt 5th takes B. Both the above moves solve your amended position.

C B (Biggleswade).—Problem marked A is correct, and may probably appear. The others are wrong.

J F ANDREWS.—Very neat indeed, and it shall appear.

J W SCOTT.—Your problem is sound, and marked for insertion in due course.

J M LOTT.—1. K to Q 3rd is another way. In any case the idea is too simple for publication.

W E THOMPSON.—If Black play 1. Kt to Q 3rd, there is no mate in two more moves.

F H BENNETT.—Something omitted from your diagram, we think, as there is no solution your way. Please send another copy of the position.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2658 received from Nikhil Nath Ma'tra (Chinsurah), and R Miller (Nanaimo, B.C.); of No. 2659 from A A Bowden (California); of No. 2662 from Franklin Institute, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), E Ellaby, and Charles H C Harrison (Thirsk); of No. 2663 from George Rigg (Longtown), T G Ware, W E Thompson, Franklin Institute, L Carr (Carlisle), E G Boys, Rev. F W Jackson, J F Moon, Albert Wolff, C M A B, J Bailey (Newark).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2661 received from C E Perugini (J F Moon, Z Ingold (Frampton), E G Boys, Franklin Institute, E E H, T G Ware), G Douglas Angus, W Faure (Courtrai), J A B, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), L Desanges, Fr Fernando (Glasgow), J Hall, Meursius (Brussels), W R Bailem, Alpha, H C Myers, F Waller (Luton), M A Eyre (Folkestone), J C Ireland, M Burke, Hereward, W David (Cardiff), F A Carter (Maldon), W Wright, G T Hughes (Athy), Shadforth, Herbert Dobell (Whittingham), Ubique, Hermit, Admiral J Halliday Cave, C B Penny, R H Brooks, J Dixon, L Penfold, W R B (Clifton), W P Hind, Albert C F Morgan, W E S, Debenham, George Rigg (Longtown), L Carr (Carlisle), R Worters (Canterbury), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), Edward Dawson, Oliver Jeingla, Charles Wagner, Leopold Wagner (Vienna), E Loudon, Frank Kent (Hartfield), P Leete (Sudbury), A T Carr, Herbert Prodhon, H S Brandreth, Sorrento, Thos Butcher (Cheltenham), W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), C M A B, T Roberts, C A French, E B Foord, H F Evans, and W D Mead (Hoylake).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2663.—By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

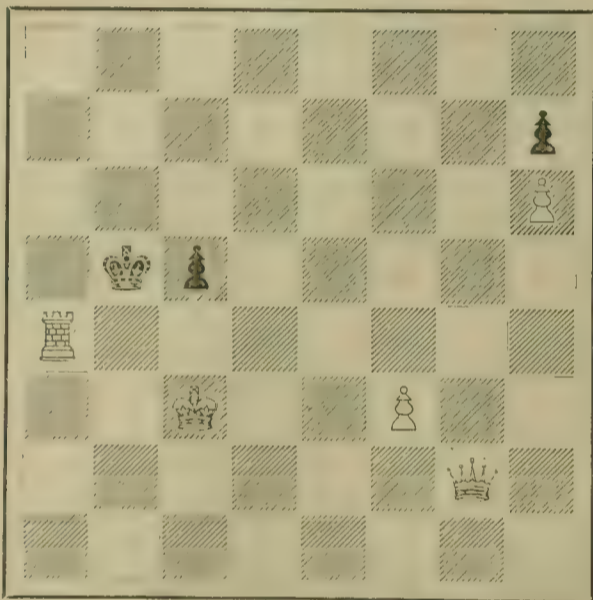
WHITE. BLACK.
1. K to B 7th K moves
2. Q to Q 3rd (ch) K "
3. Q mates.

There is another solution by 1. Q to Kt 7th (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2666.

By A. C. CHALLENGER.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Game played in the current Continental Tournament between Messrs. VOIGHT and McCUTCHEON.
(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. V.)	BLACK (Mr. McC.)	WHITE (Mr. V.)	BLACK (Mr. McC.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	18. P to B 4th	
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	Threatening P to B 5th, regaining the piece.	
3. Kt to Q 2nd		19. Q R to B sq	K Kt to Kt 3rd
4. Q takes P	P to Q B 4th	20. P to B 5th	B to B 2nd
5. Kt to Kt 3rd	B to Kt 3rd	21. Q takes P	Q to K B 3rd
6. P takes P	P takes P	22. Q takes P	R to Q sq
7. B to K 2nd	Q Kt to B 3rd		Castles
8. Kt to K B 3rd	B to K 3rd		
9. Castles	K Kt to K 2nd		
10. P to B 3rd	Q to Q 2nd		
11. B to K B 4th	Kt to Kt 3rd		
12. B to Kt 3rd	P to B 4th		
13. Kt to Q 4th			

The piece is surrendered in expectation of getting a winning attack, and such would have been the result had Black lost time in attempting to maintain the capture.

14. Kt takes B P to B 5th
15. B to Kt 4th Q takes Kt
16. R to K sq (ch) Q to Q 3rd
17. B to R 4th Kt takes B

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the recent meeting of the New Jersey Association between Messrs. J. LISSNER and J. S. LOYD.
(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. Lissner).	BLACK (Mr. Lloyd).	WHITE (Mr. Lissner).	BLACK (Mr. Lloyd).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	11. Q to K R 4th	P takes B
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	12. Kt to Q 5th	Q to Q B 4th
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q 3rd	13. Kt to B 7th (ch)	K to Q sq
4. P to Q 4th	P takes P	14. Kt takes R	Q to Q B sq
5. Castles		15. B to K 3rd	Q takes Kt
6. P to Q B 3rd	B to Q 2nd	16. K R to Q sq	P to Q Kt 3rd
7. Kt takes P	P takes Kt	17. Q to K Kt 5th (ch)	Kt to K B 3rd
8. Kt takes K	P takes Kt	18. P to K 5th	P to K R 3rd
9. Q to Q 5th	P to Q B 3rd	19. Q to K R 4th	P to K Kt 4th
10. Q takes K P (ch)	Q to K 2nd	20. B takes K Kt P	R to Kt sq
11. Q to K Kt 3rd		21. B takes Kt (ch)	K to K sq
		22. P to K Kt 3rd	R to Kt 5th
		23. R takes B	
		24. Q R to Q sq	B to K 2nd
		25. R takes B (ch)	K to B sq
		26. R (at K 7) to Q 7	K to Kt sq
		27. R to Q 8th (ch)	Resigns

A very clever game, because it looks at first sight impossible to give up the Bishop. White, however, speedily shows to what advantage the sacrifice can be made.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Madame Modjeska, the beautiful Polish actress, has been refused leave to reappear in Warsaw by the Russian Government, "in consequence of the speech that she made at the Women's Congress at Chicago." I had the pleasure of listening to that speech. It was delivered in what was called the section of "the solidarity of human interests"—by which tremendous locution was meant the presentation of reports on the position of women in all lands, given by the delegates from the different countries. Madame Modjeska makes no secret of the fact that she was born in the same year as the Princess of Wales; but, like the Princess, she bears the burden of her fifty years lightly, her slender figure and beautiful, refined face, retaining their youthful symmetry and mobility. In private life she is Countess Chlapowski. We all remember how she took London by storm as Marie Stuart in 1880; and I had not seen her from that date till at Chicago, in 1893, she rose on the platform (looking charming in a glacé silk, a purple ground with tiny white spots), and in dulcet tones and with a pronunciation of English incomparably better than that which we heard in London, she spoke, with deep feeling but no violence, of the position of the women of her native land. No Polish woman had dared to come to the Congress, she said, because the masters of her country would not permit that the nationality of a Pole should be recognised, while the Polish women would rather forego the pleasure of being at that gathering than come as Russians. She went on to state that among the Polish gentry in old times the man was used to consulting with his wife on all affairs, and each lady was the head and director of a little industrial world, her own servants, by whom all that the establishment needed was made. The mistress was also the physician to the neighbourhood, so much so that the pantry in a great Polish house is to this day generally called "the little pharmacy." Madame Modjeska stated that the Polish women of to-day have not lost their ancient importance. They are great readers and leaders of society, and though the married women legally are under the slavery of the Code Napoléon, which gives their property to their husbands, they are practically left large liberty as a rule, and many have the conduct of considerable businesses. All this was not of a character to annoy even a Russian Government; but the peroration, no doubt, was the cause of offence, for then she declared that the women had always stood as "guardian angels at the doors of the conscience" of the men of their race in urging them to maintain the spirit of nationality, and had "preserved the tradition of Polish valour and patriotism in spite of bullets, the chain, Siberia, and, worst of all, the lash, with which women were often punished, to the everlasting disgrace of the Russian Government. . . . But they make a great mistake if they think they can kill our patriotism," she concluded; "so long as there is a Polish woman left alive, Poland will exist." This is the speech for which she is to be exiled for ever from her native land.

With the spring comes the need for, and also happily the supply of, green vegetables. Salads—that is to say, vegetables eaten raw, and therefore containing all their natural anti-scorbutic salts and purifying properties—are specially valuable at this season. Our ancestresses were wont to administer "cooling medicines" (nettle - tea, treacle - and - brimstone, and other equally delectable beverages and messes) to their families all round, as regularly as May appeared. It was even quite fashionable a century ago for persons who were in fair health to be bled merely because spring had come. Our mode of life is now more healthy than it was in those days. We are not now driven to rely chiefly on salt meat during the whole winter, as our foremothers were; and the period during which green vegetables are very scarce is now short, for we command enormous supplies from warmer regions. Moreover, now that valuable anti-scorbutic, the potato, is always with us. But still, observant mothers well know that the turn of the year is apt to be trying to health. Against the feverishness and malaise of spring there is no more rational remedy than an abundant use of nature's kind provision of fresh green vegetable food. Salad, in particular, if eaten three or four times a week (watercress being especially useful) will supersede so-called "cooling" drugs very often.

It comes very apropos that the sanitary authorities of London are turning the guns of the Adulteration Acts on salad oil, a conviction having been obtained and endorsed by the High Court against a vendor of "salad oil" of which a large percentage was cotton-seed and not olive oil. Cotton-seed oil is in no way injurious; and the vegetarians, who use oil where ordinary people employ dripping, say that cotton-seed oil is excellent for frying purposes; but it has a distinct and unpleasant flavour to a delicate palate, and many people who declare that they cannot eat salad because they dislike the taste of the oil are really objecting to the cotton-seed flavour. Pure olive oil is but slightly flavoured, and the flavour is a nutty and agreeable one. But, alas! so largely is it adulterated that the Department of Agriculture at Washington recently made an analysis of sixty-six samples, sold as "pure olive oil," and found not one pure; the average proportion of cotton-seed oil added to the olive oil was thirty-four parts in each hundred, and the worst sample had only five per cent. of the real article in it. Genuine, pure olive oil will needs be more costly than the imitation; but, after all, it is not an extravagant luxury, even if pure, and the possibility of getting it so, if our authorities continue in their good work of compelling it to be truly described, will enable many people to enjoy the cooling, healthful properties of raw green vegetables who "cannot abide" salad-dressing of cotton-seed oil.

Messrs. Brown and Polson, the makers of a well-known corn-flour, have just introduced a new article. They call it "Paisley Flour," and it is intended to supersede the separate use of baking-powder or yeast in making pastry of all kinds, including tea-cakes and small loaves. About one-third part of the total required quantity of flour is to be this new article, and the other one-third ordinary flour. I have had tried in my kitchen one of the recipes given on the package, and it has turned out very nicely. The makers will send a small sample to any lady applying to them, at 99, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

The Island of Montserrat

(WEST INDIES).

THE following graphic lines are found in Charles Kingsley's charming book "*At Last*":—"And now on the leeward bow, another gray mountain island rose. This was Montserrat, which I should have gladly visited, as I had been invited to do; for little Montserrat is just now the scene of a very hopeful and important experiment. The Messrs. Sturge have established there a large plantation of limes, and a manufactory of Lime Juice, which promises to be able to supply, in good time, vast quantities of that most useful of all sea medicines, and I for one heartily bid God-speed to the enterprise."

The little island of Montserrat, considered the most healthy of the Antilles, is situated 16°45' north latitude and 62° west longitude, and is about eight miles in length from north to south, by a breadth of five miles from east to west. It is composed of a small cluster of volcanic mountain tops, rising out of the Caribbean Sea, to the height of 3,000 feet, the summits being often concealed by floating clouds. Their steep sides are covered with virgin forest, abounding in graceful cabbage palm—"the glory of the mountains"—exquisite tree ferns, and wild bananas, with their magnificent broad leaves, and are intersected by deep rugged gorges, in which the tree fern, banana, and mountain palm also flourish. The Island was discovered in 1493 by Columbus, who named it after the noted mountain of Montserrat in Spain. In 1632 it was colonised by English settlers, who appear in the first instance to have been cultivators, each working his own little farm. Like the adjacent islands, it was long a bone of contention between the English and French; and even now some of the massive guns used in these contests may be found on the tops of the steepest ranges, partially concealed in the thick tropical vegetation. The French took the island in 1664, restored it to England in 1668, re-took it in 1782, and finally gave



COAST OF MONTSERRAT, W.I.—BOAT TAKING LIME JUICE TO SHIP.



MANAGER'S HOUSE, MONTSERRAT, W.I.

casks to this country, when, after being allowed to settle, it is clarified and bottled by the sole consignees, Evans, Sons & Co., Liverpool—whose trade mark is on the capsule of each bottle as a guarantee to the public—and from the care with which it is prepared, racked, and bottled, retains its flavour, citricity, and brightness for an indefinite period. The bulk of the lime-juice that is offered in the English market (and from which most lime-juice cordials are manufactured) is made from the fruit of the trees that now grow *wild* so abundantly in Jamaica, Tahiti, &c., the negroes going about the country squeezing the fruit they find under the scattered trees into a pail with a wooden kitchen lemon-squeezer. This juice is bought by the merchants for a few pence a gallon, and frequently adulterated with salt water by the negroes to increase its bulk. Up to the time of the Montserrat Co. introducing their Lime-fruit juice, *pure* Lime-juice was practically unknown, and even at present *there is practically no regular source from which Lime-Fruit Juice from cultivated trees can be obtained* but the Montserrat Company. Many of the lime-juices and lime-juice cordials now offered are such only in name, being prepared either from lemon-juice or artificial compounds, and so highly charged with deleterious acids as to be prejudicial to health. The *Lancet* has very ably drawn attention to this, recommending lime-fruit juice as one of the best and most wholesome beverages extant; and also recommending the public to obtain the best lime-juice, and not concoctions sold under that name. It further remarked:—"We have subjected the samples of the lime-fruit juice of the Montserrat Company to full analysis, with a view to test its quality and purity. We have found it to be in sound condition, and entirely free from adulteration."

it up in 1784. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, slave labour began to supplant that of the white settlers; for at that period Jamaica, with Barbadoes and some half-dozen smaller islands, amongst which was Montserrat, had a monopoly of the English sugar market. The cultivation consequently became very profitable, so that by the close of the century the number of slaves in Montserrat had increased to 10,000, whose labour produced about 2,700 hogsheads of sugar each year.

The lime harvest is heaviest from September to January, but the Montserrat plantations yield a considerable return all the year round. The trees require regular pruning, and to be freed from the mistletoe, dodder, and other mischievous parasites, so that their cultivation during the years that elapse before they come into bearing, has involved a very considerable outlay. The fruit is carried down to two central manufactories, where it is first treated for its essential oil, then sliced by water power, and afterwards squeezed until all the juice has been expressed. The juice from the choice fruit is promptly headed up in casks, so that it may not be exposed to the air; that of the inferior fruit is boiled down for the citric acid makers.

The first lime tree orchards were planted in 1852, by Mr. Burke, an enterprising planter then living in the island; but, about twenty-five years ago, more extensive lime plantations were established by Messrs. Sturge of Birmingham, and now the Montserrat Company by whom the lime is systematically cultivated on a large scale for the purpose of supplying Pure Lime-Fruit Juice. The plantations of the Montserrat Company already cover nearly 1,000 acres, and more than 100,000 gallons of Pure Lime-Fruit Juice is produced annually. The juice is brought over in large



BARQUENTINE "HILDA" LOADING LIME JUICE IN MONTSERRAT, W.I.

(T.B.B.)

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 8, 1887), with a codicil (dated May 1, 1894), of Mr. Henry Birkbeck, senior partner of the Eastern Counties banking firm of Gurneys, Birkbecks, Barclay and Buxton, of Stoke Holy Cross, Norfolk, who died on Feb. 1, was proved on April 18 by Sir William Hovell Browne Ffolkes, Bart., and Henry Birkbeck and Edward Lewis Birkbeck, the sons, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £179,987. The testator devises all his real estate, and bequeaths all his plate, furniture, pictures, books, wines, articles of household use or ornament, horses, carriages, live and dead farming stock, and effects to his son Henry. He also bequeaths £2000 to his wife Mrs. Etheldreda Elizabeth Birkbeck: £10,000 upon trust for his wife for life, and then for his two younger sons Martin and Geoffrey; £5000 each upon trust for his daughters; and one or two other bequests. The residue of his personal estate he gives to his four sons, but the shares of his said two younger sons are not to be less than £20,000 each.

The will (dated Dec. 1, 1891) of Mr. Henry Francis Auldjo, barrister-at-law, formerly of 10, King's Bench Walk, Temple, late of 30, Chester Terrace, Regent's Park, who died on March 1, was proved on April 8 by Harry Douglas Berkeley, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £56,628. The testator leaves £500 to his executor, and the residue of his property to his brother, John Rose Auldjo, for life. At his death he gives an annuity of £52 to Ellen Dales, the widow of his late servant, and the ultimate residue to his cousin, Alan Francis Roysds.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Dumbarton, of the trust disposition and settlement, with codicil, dated respectively Sept. 15, 1894, and Jan. 31, 1895, of Mr. Patrick Boyle Smollett, D.L., M.P. for Dumbartonshire, 1859-68, and for the borough of Cambridge, 1874-80, formerly of the Madras Civil Service, who died on Feb. 11 at Cameron House, granted to Sir Charles Dalrymple, Bart., and James Balfour Melville, the executors

nominate, was resealed in London on April 20, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to £55,613.

The will (dated March 9, 1891) of Dr. Daniel Hack Tuke, M.D., LL.D., F.R.C.P., of 63, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, and Lyndon Lodge, Hanwell, who died on March 5, was proved on April 9 by William Murray Tuke, the brother, and Henry Scott Tuke, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to £29,459. The testator bequeaths his household furniture and effects to his wife, Mrs. Esther Maria Tuke. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay during the life of his wife £100 per annum to his daughter, Maria Sainsbury, and the remainder of the income to his wife, for life. On the death of his wife he gives one moiety of the residue to his son, Henry Scott, and the other moiety upon further trusts for his said daughter.

The will (dated July 11, 1882) of the Hon. Charles William Wentworth Fitzwilliam, J.P., M.P. for Malton 1852-85, of Alwalton, near Peterborough, who died on Dec. 20, was proved on April 19 by Mrs. Anne Fitzwilliam, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £21,467. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all his real and personal estate whatsoever and wheresoever to his wife for her own absolute use and benefit.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of Mr. Henry Darvill, only son of the late Sir Henry Darvill, of 20, Bina Gardens, South Kensington, who died on Dec. 19, intestate, were granted on April 3 to Mrs. Emily Davidson Plant (wife of William Arthur Plant), formerly Darvill, widow, the relict of the deceased, the value of the personal estate amounting to £19,309.

The will and codicil of Mr. Charles Robert Lindsay, J.P., formerly of the Indian Civil Service, late of Glen Lea, Dulwich Common, who died on Feb. 23 at St. Leonards-on-Sea, were proved on April 17 by Mrs. Rhoda

Charlotte Lindsay, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £11,998.

The will of Mr. Montagu George Burgoyne, son of the late Lieutenant-General Sir Montagu Burgoyne, of Sutton Park, Bedfordshire, of Lonsdale House, Dorking, who died on Feb. 9, was proved on April 9 by John Henry Dixon and William Vibart Dixon, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £11,834.

The will of Mr. Binny James Colvin, formerly of the Bengal Civil Service, of 17, Elvaston Place, who died on Feb. 17, was proved on April 5 by Mrs. Helen Catherine Colvin, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £10,460.

The will and codicil of Mr. Cecil Thorold, J.P., of Boothby Hall, Lincolnshire, who died on Feb. 26 at 14, Lower Seymour Street, were proved on April 10 by Mrs. Annie Charlotte Thorold, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £10,069.

The will of Lord d'Arcy Godolphin Osborne, D.L., J.P., of 2, Chesham Place, who died on March 20 at Bournemouth, was proved on April 18 by the Marquis of Carmarthen, the nephew, and Dillon Ross-Lewin Lowe, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £9290.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariat of Roxburghshire, of the will (dated May 24, 1893) of Mrs. Cecilia George Hatton or Baird, widow of Mr. George Baird, of Strichen and Stichill, near Kelso, and mother of the late Mr. George Alexander Baird (Mr. Abingdon), who died at Brighton on March 5, granted to Colonel Villiers Hatton, the nephew, the accepting executor nominate, was resealed in London on April 24, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to £6176.

The will of Mr. John Whitaker Hulke, F.R.S., President of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, of 10, Old Burlington Street, who died on Feb. 19, was proved on April 10 by Mrs. Julia Grace Hulke, the widow and

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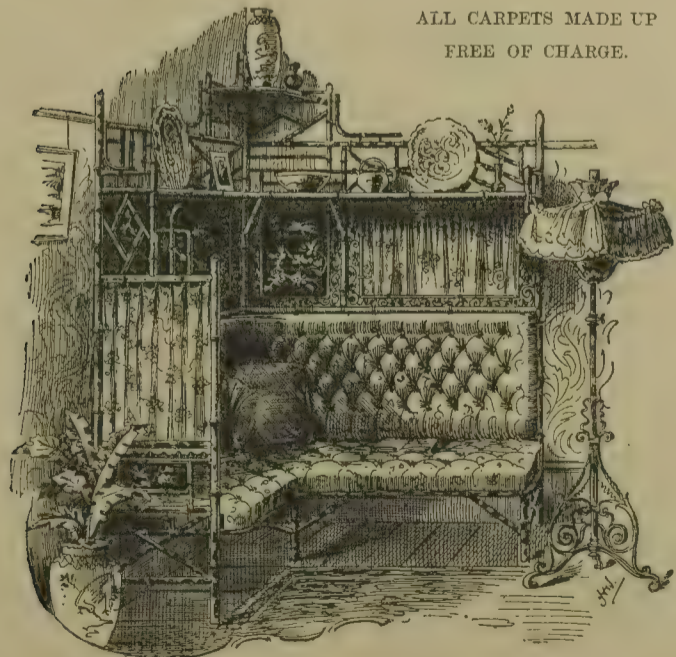
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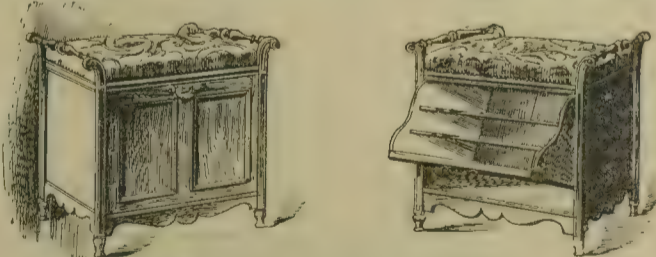
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sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £8018.

The will of Mrs. Susannah Maria Gertrude Mary Liddell, of Prudhoe Hall, Northumberland, who died on Nov. 17, was proved on March 22 by John Liddell and Bernard Dias Santos Cuddon, the nephews, the value of the personal estate amounting to £4918.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of Lady Dora Mina Kittina Erskine Grosvenor, of Bulwick Park, Wansford, Northamptonshire, who died on Dec. 25 at Eaton Hall, Cheshire, intestate, were granted on March 29 to Lord Henry George Grosvenor, the husband. The value of the personal estate amounting to £2675.

The will of Admiral Richard Brydes Beechey, of 9, Portland Terrace, Southsea, who died on March 8, was proved on April 10 by Mrs. Frances Beechey, the widow and sole executrix, the personal estate amounting to £526.

The success of Colonel Kelly in Chitral is about to meet with its due reward. The gallant officer, it is stated, will shortly be raised to the brevet rank of Major-General, and receive the K.C.B. By-the-way, Canon Gore paid an eloquent tribute in Westminster Abbey, on April 28, to the bravery of the British troops in the Chitral Expedition.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

The caricaturist is a chartered libertine. He is very seldom hauled over the coals for his wildest flights of fancy. He gets all the laugh on his own side, and the distinction between fun and cruelty is seldom drawn. It is not quite so jolly for the caricatured. He has to grin and bear it all. All his peculiarities, eccentricities, ugliness, and deficiencies are as painful to look at as when we see our faces in a spoon or a convex mirror. Well! Mr. W. G. Godfrey has caricatured society, and it is not likely that society will turn round and rend him. Society is somewhat pachydermatous, and each member of it has a convenient way of asserting that the chaff is directed against his or her personal friends, but never towards the individual. In "Vanity Fair" Mr. Godfrey has some very good and true things to say, some wholesome advice to give, as well as some exceedingly bitter remarks to make. He is not fond of dukes or horsey women, or strange creatures who sacrifice their breeding, merging it all into the coarse and raucous music-hall singer. He hints that the aristocrat is occasionally as low in his tastes as the worse-bred person in the world. In fact, the lightning caricaturist dashes away and is no respecter of persons, man or woman. Years ago

Mr. Alfred Austin, the poet, turned caricaturist and gave us "The Season, A Satire." That celebrated poem must have been written just thirty-five years ago. According to Mr. Godfrey, society has not been very much altered since then, for in certain scenes of "Vanity Fair" he has overtopped the severity of Mr. Alfred Austin.

One scene in "Vanity Fair" has been very much discussed, and it has been asked if such a scene comes within the fair scope and limit of caricature. I will quote it, and ask my readers to judge for themselves.

A certain Sir Richard Fanshawe enters a ladies' drawing room, and addresses Lady Jacqueline Villars as follows—

FANSHAWE (*angrily to Lady Jacqueline*). What have you left the rooms for?

LADY J. I happened to meet my husband.

FAN. (*sarcastically*). By accident, of course?

VILLARS. Bye-bye, Jac! Many happy returns of to-morrow if I don't see you. (*Saunters out*).

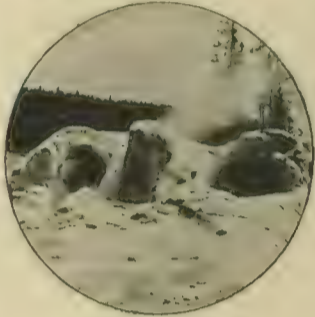
FAN. If you think I'll put up with this sort of thing you're infernally mistaken!

LADY J. What sort of thing?

FAN. Everybody must have remarked how you've been carrying on with Villars lately.

LADY J. He's my husband.

FAN. Your husband, confound it! That's the worst of it.



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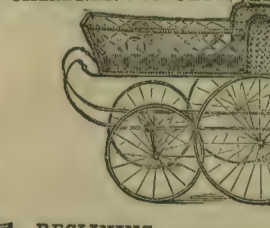
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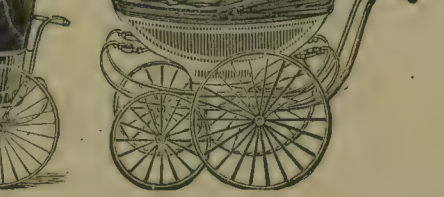
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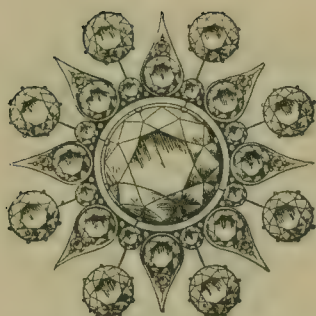


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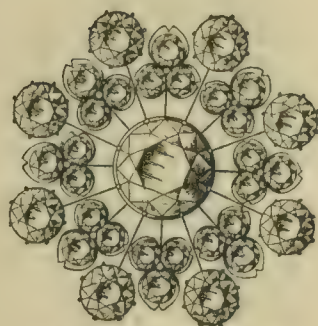
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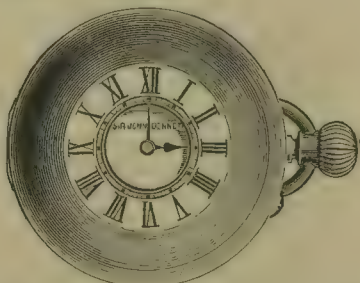


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for the
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YEARS
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GENTLE
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If he had been anyone else it wouldn't have been so conspicuous.

LADY J. Well, what are you going to do about it?

FAN. I don't know. I shall consult my solicitor.

LADY J. If Ned chooses to speak to me, why shouldn't he?

FAN. Because it compromises you; and a man who compromises his wife is a cad.

LADY J. (rising angrily). Please get the carriage.

FAN. What for?

LADY J. I'm going to the Hambletons.

FAN. You know I'm never asked to the Hambletons.

LADY J. That's why I'm going.

FAN. You may go to the devil!

LADY J. Yes, you've secured me a card for there.

FAN. (angrily). You shall not go!

However, whether we like the caricature or not, and however much we may question some of its taste, the author has been lucky enough to have his leading character superbly played by Mrs. John Wood with a rich humour and intensity and overflowing vivacity that only belong to artists of the first class. Mrs. John Wood's dream in action, when the innocent bigamist believes she is being tried at the Old Bailey, and, irritated at the espionage of her quondam friends, lets the Judge have it hot and strong,

is a most vigorous example of true comic acting. By her side is an old and well-remembered companion, Mr. Arthur Cecil, who returns to the scene of many a well-won triumph; and another old favourite at the Court, Mr. G. W. Anson, comes back after many years to the new theatre to show that he has studied the bullying, hectoring blackmailer, the typical "dreadful creature" of the middle-class fastidious dame to the greatest advantage. The gentle and refined Miss Granville was a delightful contrast to much of the inevitable rowdiness of such a play, though I am told that this clever lady, the ideal sister in "The Masqueraders," has power, passion, and pathos, and astonished her audiences when she played "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." I know that my old friend Edmund Yates raved about her when he saw her Mrs. Tanqueray at Brighton. Would not this be a way out of the difficulty if after all diplomacy and tact cannot keep Mrs. Patrick Campbell at the Garrick to continue this most remarkable and never-to-be-forgotten performance? A successful Mrs. Tanqueray ought to be able to show us another remarkable Mrs. Ebbsmith, and then there is another Mrs. Tanqueray just home from a successful tour in America. Would not Mrs. Kendal save Mrs. Ebbsmith for the lovers of a fine

play? It would be a sin to let her go, with the season at its prime and all Society babbling for Mrs. Ebbsmith and her notoriety.

I hear that the chief copyright lawyers, including the best of them, my friend Mr. W. Moy Thomas, maintain that Colonel Savage, the author of "My Official Wife," and Mr. Gunther, the dramatist of the story, and Mr. Edward Routledge, the owner of the English copyright of book and play, have no legitimate grievance against the authors of "The Passport" for borrowing an incident in the book which they frankly acknowledge. At any rate, Messrs. Stephenson and Yardley's "Passport" is a capital and well-acted play, and ought to give a fillip of interest to "My Official Wife" whenever she appears on the scene and takes us to Russia.

The Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, who has been selected to fight for the Unionist party at Leamington, is most popularly known by his cricketing exploits. He used to be a splendid wicket-keeper, disdaining the use of gloves, and doing without a long-stop. Mr. Lyttelton was not long ago appointed Recorder of Oxford.

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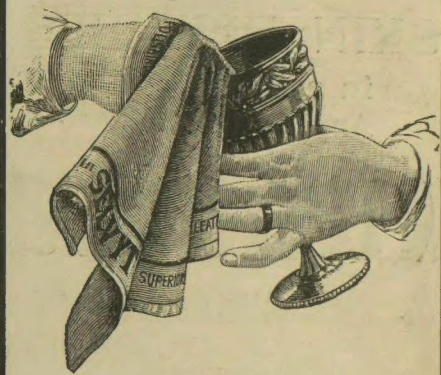
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MUSIC.

The Wagner Concert, the first of an important series, given at the Queen's Hall on Thursday, April 25, was in every way the distinguished performance we had all hoped that it would prove to be. Herr Hermann Levi, making his London debut, conducted on the occasion, and amply justified his extraordinary Continental reputation. Not only is he skilful, clean, neat, and incisive, he also exercises a peculiarly personal dominion over his orchestra. His readings are quite as peculiarly personal, and make a strong contrast with Herr Mottl's more commanding methods. With Herr Levi all the effort consists in making a strong and effective point of the predominant melody. With a composer like Wagner, whose continuity of melody is

handed on very subtly from instrument to instrument, this is a singularly difficult problem. It was triumphantly solved by Herr Levi. His attention to the "single note" is extraordinary; and the results he obtained were no less extraordinary. His interpretation of the "Tannhäuser" overture thus became unique in its delicacy and wiry strength; and his rendering of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony was no less, and for the same reasons remarkable. Frau Ternina, from Munich, made also her first London appearance, and with sufficiently satisfactory results. She is evidently a fine operatic singer.

On Saturday, April 27, Mr. Manns's benefit concert at the Crystal Palace finally completed the concert season at Sydenham. The concert began with a performance, a very fine performance, of Beethoven's Fourth Symphony (in B flat). It was an exceedingly good idea to place the

symphony first in the programme, when it might be enjoyed without any sense of fatigue or weariness. It was played with delicate and noble artistic skill. From this point, unfortunately, the programme began to stray downhill. Mr. Santley sang a little ballad of his own composition, a work which can scarcely claim any high musical merit; Mr. Lloyd sang a Sullivan and a Gounod in his most exquisitely refined and liquid manner; Miss Byford played the violin part in a concerto by Max Bruch, and without any attractiveness worth mentioning; finally, for the first time at the Crystal Palace, Mr. Walthew's cantata "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" was performed. It is a work of small importance; and we could but wonder that Mr. Manns apparently employed the same conscientiousness over its direction as he had done, to such excellent effect, over the Fourth Symphony.

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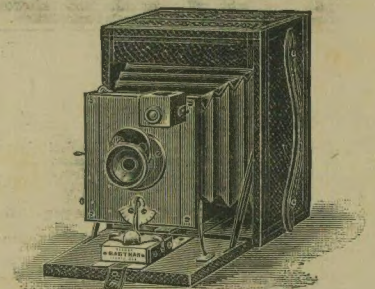
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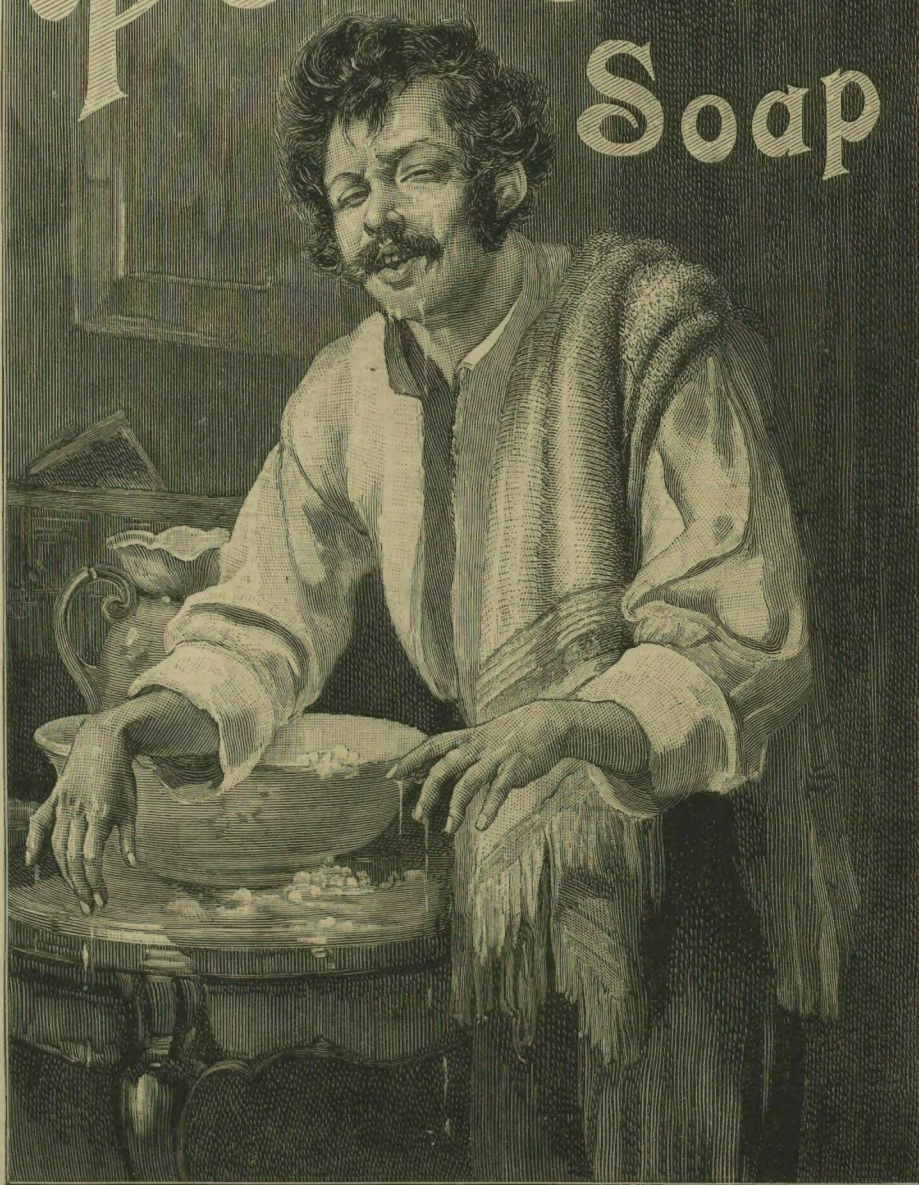
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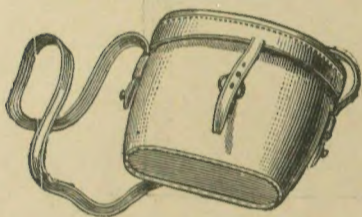
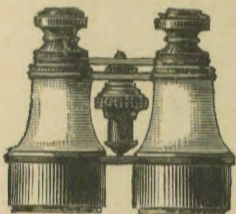
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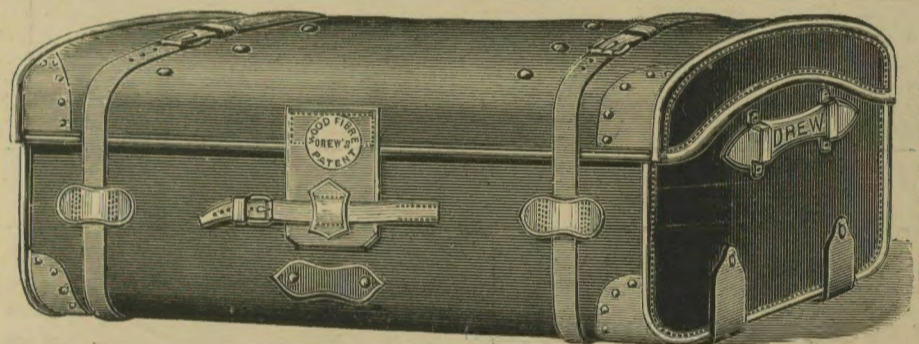
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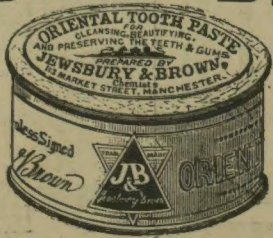
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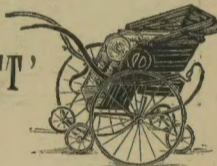
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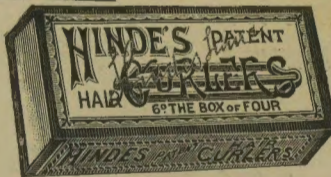


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